

# BOYS and GIRLS of PIONEER DAYS

by Carolyn  
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Illustrated  
by  
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# Boys and Girls of Pioneer Days

By CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY



DO you know the true story of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Buffalo Bill, Daniel Boone and other famous characters of the pioneer days? In our histories at school we read only of their deeds as men and women. But if we look back, we can see that these heroes and heroines laid the foundation of their greatness as boys and girls, so that when the crises in their grown-up life came, they were ready. In **BOYS AND GIRLS OF PIONEER DAYS**, then, children meet the characters they read about and see the events that fill their history books through the eyes of the youngsters of their own age who lived in those days.


See back of wrapper for  
complete list of "Children's  
Hour" Books.

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# Boys and Girls of Pioneer Days



*The Sioux Scout, whose head feather the boy had seen, would never attack a cattle train again (Page 189)*

# BOYS AND GIRLS OF PIONEER DAYS

*From*  
WASHINGTON TO LINCOLN

BY  
CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY

*Author of*

"Boys and Girls of Discovery Days," "Boys and Girls of  
Colonial Days," "Boy and Girl Citizens of Today."



GROSSET & DUNLAP—*Publishers*—NEW YORK  
*by arrangement with the A. FLANAGAN COMPANY*



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PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

## Foreword

Every boy or girl who studies American history wants to grow up into the man or woman who makes history. But this is a hard thing to do, because your books of history have space for only the deeds of the gallant grown-ups. There is little between their covers which touches your life of today.

Every important person of our country's progress was once only your age. I have studied old papers from older attics and desks, some yellowed letters which have the same dates as the dates covering the most vital epochs of our history, and the unpublished records of the friends and neighbors of our heroes. Hidden in these, I have found for you the boy-and-girl stories of some people whom you know very well through your school histories, but about whose childhood the histories say little, and about their relation to boys and girls of their times nothing at all.

I found surprising things in all these records. They show that the people who made America great began being great when they were young. They started their greatness in the very same way any boy or girl starts, by doing their best in any situation in which life put them. So when a crisis in their grown-up life came, they were ready.

Here, then, is the book of untold history stories for

you about that period when we were a young nation trying hard to stand alone. There is something for you, also, in the stories of George Washington, Gouverneur Morris, Eli Whitney, Thomas Blanchard, Isaac Hull, Tom Creesy, Benny Goodyear, Lucy Jencks, Marshall Jewell, James Fenimore Cooper, Harriet Beecher, Abraham Lincoln, "Buffalo Bill" and the rest. Can you find this help and so read the book that you will be able to make history yourselves?

CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY.



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## Acknowledgments

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In a Boy's Town, by William Dean Howells, from his book of that title, is used here through the courtesy and permission of the son and daughter of Mr. Howells.

# The Boy Who Guarded Washington



Levi and Asa Holden lived in Sudbury, in Massachusetts, before the war of the revolution, but they had heard of old fights and of the courage of their ancestors.

On the shelf above their fireplace stood an ancient silver tankard, a contrast to the humble pewter and blue-and-white cups that flanked it. Graven on this silver tankard was an ermine and a design of three pears in a cluster. This was the crest of the Holden family, and a reminder to the two boys of the battle in King Philip's war during which Grandfather Holden had held a road against the red men at the risk of his own life.

Asa was fourteen, and Levi a little older, when one morning there was a cloud of dust in the country road that lay in front of their farm and a horseman dashed by calling at each door:

"The Redcoats have come! The British are on their way to Lexington! Take arms for the defense of the Colonies!"

So the farmers from miles around responded with the valor that makes history, and they marched toward Lex-



ington and the bridge with their flintlock muskets. No boy or girl needs to be told how they held the bridge, how they went on to make their own history at Bunker Hill. But there is a part of the Battle of Lexington which is untold.

When the smoke cleared away, and the sun shining on the weary farmers of Lexington showed them the Red-coats in retreat, two boys crawled from behind a hayrick and began cleaning their muskets. Everyone stared in amazement at them. The Holden boys could shoot squirrels and an occasional deer, but no one knew that they had been with the volunteer regiment of farmers that had just saved the day for Colonial liberty.

But there they were, Asa and Levi Holden, two New England boys who had taken a part—and a brave part at that—in the memorable fight.

“I’m going on to Boston!” Levi told his brother. “I’m going to say I am twenty. I look it, being so tall, and perhaps I can get a commission in the army. I want to be the Holden of my generation who held a road. But you musn’t come, Asa. You’re only fourteen and you had best go home.”

“All right, Levi,” Asa said, but almost too readily Levi thought. The farmer troops went on to Boston and so did Levi. Levi marched bravely with them, like the true Minute Man he was trying to be. There are old family papers telling how he acted as a lieutenant at the battle of Bunker Hill, leading a division of youths in their teens, as he still was.

And when Levi Holden was in the thick of the fight, who should he find behind the hay-walled heights of Bunker Hill but his brother Asa! Asa had trailed along at the end of the line, and Levi had the chance of saving his younger brother's life before the end of the affair.

After that, though, Asa had to go home. But Levi had so distinguished himself that he heard rumors among the officers of the Continental troops in regard to his promotion. The great General Washington, who was being talked about as one of the coming men of the times, was stationed to the south in New Jersey. Levi was ordered to march south with a division, toward the commander of the army, and he had a high hope that he was going to be promoted.

Those first years of the revolution were full of unspeakable hardships. There were no good roads, no trains, no food, no proper clothing. Levi's shoes wore out before he reached Morristown, where General Washington was in headquarters, and his feet were torn and sore. There had been many encounters on the way, but through it all his heart was beating high with his hope. Perhaps the commander would give him



*Everyone stared in amazement*

a horse. Surely he would at least be given a new sword!

So the ragged warriors came at last to Morristown, where the staff was quartered in tents and in log cabins. Lady Washington was there, her spinning wheel whirling industriously in the midst of the turmoil. And the great day came when young Levi Holden was called upon to stand before General Washington and receive his orders for the coming campaign.

Levi's courage shone out of his honest, brown eyes. His eagerness must have made the great commander a little sorry because of the duty which he had decided to assign to him.

"It is probable," Washington told Levi Holden, the boy who had carried a musket at Lexington and at Bunker Hill, "that during the course of the campaign my baggage, papers, and other matters of importance will have to be entrusted to someone. I am considering appointing you as lieutenant of my life guards, Holden. What say you to it?"

Levi gasped. That meant waiting on table, ordering the cook, keeping accounts, never getting into the thick of the fighting, but always being on guard at the doors and windows of staff headquarters. He had longed to feel a horse under him, to have the chance of waving a saber in the face of the enemy.

But as the boy considered, another thought came to him. In addition to General Washington's papers and baggage, of which he had just spoken, there was the un



spoken trust of such a position as a lieutenant of the life guards, the trust of the commander's life. And Levi remembered also a passage from the Bible that he and Asa had been obliged to learn:

"A faithful man shall abound in blessings."

"Thank you, General, for the appointment," Levi told Washington. "I will try to serve you and the staff well."

So Levi Holden did "kitchen police" work, as we would speak of it today, with all his soldierly might. How well the boy did it, is told in one of the letters that General Washington wrote, and which has a bit of humor in it. He knew the trouble Levi had in helping him to give a dinner party in the mess tent. He knew, when Levi took his place at the general's chair to pass the dishes, that there had been a struggle in the kitchen to keep up appearances of hospitality.

"I have asked some ladies to dinner," Washington wrote, "but am I not in honor bound to apprise them of their fare? It is needless to premise that our table is large enough to hold the company. To say how it



*"Thank you, General, for the appointment"*



*Came in their ruffles and laces*

is usually covered is more essential, and this shall be the purport of my letter.

“Since our arrival at this happy spot we have had a ham, sometimes a shoulder of bacon, to grace the table at the head. A piece of roast beef adorns the foot, and a dish of beans or greens, almost imperceptible, stands in the center.

“When the cook has a mind to cut a figure, which I presume will be the case tomorrow, we have two beef-steak pies or dishes of crabs in addition, one of each by the side of the center dish and dividing the space so that the distance from dish to dish is about six feet. Without them it would be twelve feet.

“Of late the cook has had the surprising sagacity to

discover that apples will make pies, and it is a question if, in the violence of his efforts, we do not have one of apples instead of two beefsteak pies.

"If my guests can put up with such entertainment on plates, once tin but now iron, although not by virtue of scouring, I shall be happy to see them."

Among the guests whom Lieutenant Levi Holden helped Washington to entertain was Rochambeau. The ladies came in their ruffles and laces, to be met by Lady Washington, who wore a homespun apron and was using her time in the knitting of a stocking.

"We must become independent," she told them gently, "by doing without those articles which we cannot make ourselves. While our husbands and brothers are examples of patriotism, we must be examples of industry."

And, helping to wait on the guests at this simple entertainment, was the young lieutenant who wanted to fight but found his duty lying in a very different direction.

Levi was proud, though, when the weary, triumphant Colonials marched through Philadelphia, dusty and ragged, but with their general at the head of the line. Levi headed Washington's life guards with their flag, a



*The Minute Men*

figure in the uniform of the guard holding a horse by the bridle and beside it Liberty leaning on the shield of the union which was supported by an eagle.

The guards looked very well in their uniforms; blue coats faced with buff, red waistcoats, white body belts, black half-gaiters and black felt hats bound with white tape. And their banner was of white silk, on which the emblems were sewed in colors.

Soon Levi went home to Sudbury again. He brought trophies to lay on the shelf above the fireplace beside his grandfather's silver one. No decoration for valor in battle, not a scalp, not a broken sword, not his musket. No, indeed, none of these.

Levi placed there a hand-spun and hand-woven night-cap, very snug and comfortable, which Lady Washington had made to keep him warm when he stood all night at guard at her doorstep. And, beside it, Levi laid the last bill for kitchen supplies, neatly approved and signed by General Washington.

Levi Holden had stood and waited on his commander during the revolution, but he held in his heart the pride of knowing that he had helped make the union possible, and the life of its first president secure.



## Visiting At Mount Vernon



*Washington's home at Mount Vernon*

Any boy or girl would have loved the great farm at Mount Vernon, where George Washington went to go on with his life after serving as the first president of the United States. In fact, it was not one farm but several; like a small village of which the big white house with its tall pillars, huge kitchen and many fireplaces was the center.

It lay on the right bank of the Potomac River, with Mr. Washington's own wharf from which he shipped tobacco and flour and many barrels of shad and herring to England. He raised the wheat in his own fields and ground it into flour at his own mill, and every barrel of it was stamped, "George Washington, Mount Vernon." That meant that it did not have to be opened by the men

at the customs house, for everyone knew what good flour was ground in Washington's mill.

If you could have paid a visit to Mount Vernon, long, long ago, in the year 1799, you would have started from the wharf and taken a walk to the different parts of the estate of Mount Vernon, each interesting in its own way.

There was the River Farm, with its tobacco fields lying along the bank of the river. There was Dogue-Run Farm and Muddy-Hole Farm and Union Farm, named after our country gained its independence, and the Mansion-House Farm. There were ducks and roosters and chickens and mules and cows and pigs and horses; all the four-footed friends that you love, and so did Mr. Washington.

Martha Washington, at this time, had a very clever kind of a cat-hole cut in the wall of their house so that the favorite pussy could come in on a cold night. It was hung from a hinge at the top, and old letters say that this cat-hole opened right into Martha Washington's own room.



*Martha Washington*

Your walk about the grounds of Mount Vernon would have taken you through the most

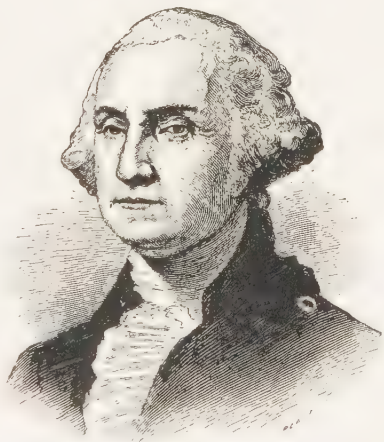
delightful woods, for George Washington loved trees and believed that they should form part of a nation's wealth. He did all that he could to preserve his woodland. A letter that he wrote to one of his farm superintendents at Mount Vernon, from Philadelphia, tells us this:

"It is much to be regretted," wrote President Washington, "and I do regret it exceedingly, that the honey locusts which have been set out should have perished. It would seem as if I never would get forward in my plan of hedging.

"With respect to the transplanting of cedar, or any other evergreen, I am persuaded there is

no other sure way of getting them to live than by taking them up in the winter with a block of frozen earth around the roots, and as large as can conveniently be obtained. This not only gives them their mother earth, but by its adhesion to the roots, it nourishes the body until the fibers from the former shoot sufficiently to secure the thriftiness of the plant.

"I transplanted thousands of pine and cedar trees, getting scarcely any to live until I adopted the above



*George Washington*

method; after which, so long as it was practiced, I never lost one. Witness the pine groves by the gardens!"

And we may read in Washington's diary of March 21, 1763, of a busy day spent in his fruit orchards.

"Grafted 40 cherry trees as follows: 12 Bullock Hearts, a large black May cherry; 18 very fine May cherry and 10 Coronation. Also grafted 12 Magnum Bonum plums. Also planted 4 nuts of the Mediterranean Palm in the pen where the chestnut grows. Set out 55 cuttings of the Madeira grape. Directed the grafting or planting of Spanish pears, Butter pears, Black pear of Worcester and New Town Pippins."

Following the paths and trails of Mount Vernon, you would look in through the doorway of a pleasant school-house where the children of the Washington servants and farmhands were taught free. And you might chance upon a big barn known as the neighborhood corn-house, which was filled, through George Washington's orders, with corn every year. This was for the sole use of the poor of the neighborhood, particularly the women and children, that they might be saved from want.

He also owned several fishing stations on the Potomac, at which excellent herring were caught, and which, when salted, were an important article of food for the poor.

For the good and help of his neighborhood, the master of Mount Vernon set aside one of these fishing stations on one of the best of all his docks, and furnished it with poles and nets and drying frames. Here the poor of the surrounding country might fish free, at any



time, by only an application to an overseer. And if a small boy made such a large haul that he had difficulty getting it to shore, by Washington's orders, this young fisherman was given help with his net.

Everything about the farm was ship-shape, and the best tools to be had at this time were provided. You may listen to Washington himself as he tells farmers of today how he felt about his business of agriculture. He



*General George Washington's Coach and Four*

wrote this in a letter to one of his Mount Vernon superintendents:

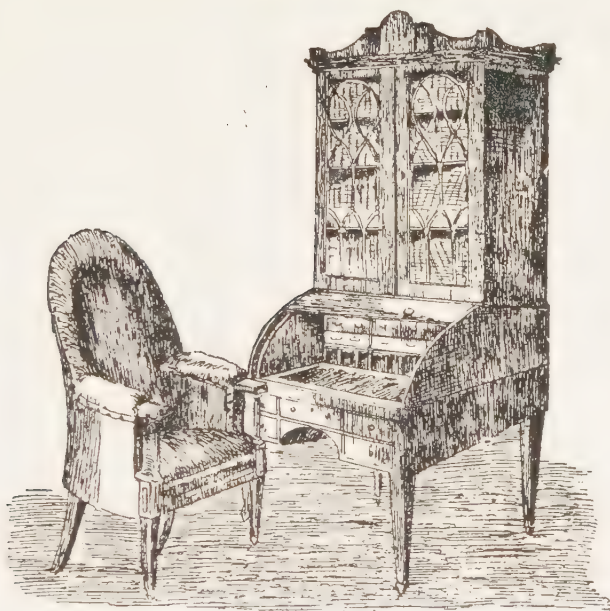
“I am never sparing, with proper economy, in furnishing my farms with any and every kind of tool and implement that is calculated to do good and neat work. I not only authorize you to buy the kind of ploughs you were speaking to me about, but any other tools the utility of which you have proved from your own experience; particularly a kind of hand rake which Mr. Stuart tells me is used on the eastern shore of Maryland, instead of hoes, for corn at a certain stage of its growth, and a scythe and cradle different from those used by us, and with which the grain is laid much better.

“In short, I shall begrudge no reasonable expense that will contribute to the improvement and neatness of my farms for nothing pleases me better than to see them in good order, and everything trim, handsome and thriving. While nothing hurts me more than to find them otherwise, the tools and implements lying wherever last used, exposed to injury from rain and sun.”

When you had finished your walk over the estate, and returned to the Mansion-House Farm, you would have crossed the threshold and gone into the library of the house. You would have stepped softly, for an old gentleman with a powdered wig sat, wrapped in blankets, by the window. He was writing, in the winter sunshine, a letter to a man of whom he was very fond and in whom he placed a great deal of trust. This man was James Anderson, a Scotchman who was the superintendent of the Mount Vernon farms.

Mr. Washington would surely have let you read the pages of his letter to his farmer, as he finished each and carefully dusted it with his sand sifter. He had his heart full of the welfare of his animals out in the barns that winter, and he was writing instructions about what he wanted done always to keep them comfortable. Dobbin, patiently dragging the plough and the farm cart, looked from his honest eyes into his master's as Washington wrote about him.

“The work-horses and mules must always be in their stalls when it is cold, and the stalls all littered and cleaned,” he instructed his farmer, “and they are to be



*Washington's Secretary and Circular Chair*

plenteously fed with cut straw and as much chopped grain, meal and bran, with a little salt mixed therewith, as will keep them in good condition for work. See, also, that they are watered as often as they are fed. This as concerns their winter food.

“For spring, summer and autumn it is expected that soiling them on green food, first with rye and next with clover, with only a little grain, will enable them to perform their work.

“The stables and farm pens ought to be kept well bedded and the stalls very clean for the comfort of my

animals. As straw cannot be afforded for the litters, leaves and weeds should be gathered for the stables, and leaves and cornstalks for the pens and the sheep runs. Let the cornstalks be cut down by a few careful people with sharp hoes, so low as never to be in the way of the



*Folwell silhouette of Washington*

scythes at harvest. And whenever the wheat will admit carts to run on it without injury, let the stalks be brought off and piled near my barns.

“In like manner let the people, with their blankets, go every evening to the nearest woods to fill them with leaves, bottoming the animals’ beds with cornstalks and then covering them thick with leaves.

This will save food and make the beasts lie warm and comfortable.”

Next there was a neatly written page to Mr. Anderson about the “Friendly Cow.” There was never a lack of rich milk and clotted cream on George Washington’s farms, and this was because he was good to his cattle.

“The oxen and other horned cattle,” he wrote, “are to be housed from the first of November until the first of May, and they are to be fed as well as the means of



the farm will admit. The oxen must always be kept in good condition in their stalls and the cows, so many of them as can find places, in the barns. The rest, with the other cattle, must be put in newly erected sheds, and all carefully watered every day. The ice, in freezing weather, must be broken for them so as to admit them to clean water."

So this kind old gentleman wrote on. The pigs must be well fed and kept clean. The farm tools must be oiled and polished. One field that had been overworked with several crops should be allowed to rest for a year. Some of the apple trees and the berry bushes would need trimming later.

There was not a single instruction put down that a boy or girl could not understand and help in carrying out. Much as you would have wished for the writing to go on, it stopped at last, and the orders were sent to the farmer.

Mr. Washington leaned back among his blankets, not being very well that winter, and looked out over the white fields of Mount Vernon. He was not thinking of the Revolution, or the Declaration of Independence, or anything so difficult as these. He wanted to be sure that his barn friends were kept comfortable when he was not able to go out on his horse, riding the length of the farms, to inspect them.

The next time you water a horse or gather some leaves and cornstalks to make a bed for a patient cow, would you not like to remember that this was what George Washington asked you to do?

## The Penny of a Patroon

The boy had hunted farther from the manor house than he had intended. Early that morning he had lost sight of its massive stone walls; its thick white door, in the top of which there was a round hole for aiming a musket through; its heavy, barred green shutters; and the fair gardens and high hedge of fragrant box which surrounded it. He had passed by the noisy, merry cabins of the blacks and the farther tenant-farms where his father's workmen lived.

With its many beautiful rooms, its massive furniture, its huge fireplace and its always crowded table loaded with rich food at all seasons of the year, the Morris manor on the Hudson, in the early days of Knickerbocker New York, was very similar to that of the earlier Morris, this Gouverneur's great-grandfather, who fought under Cromwell in England.

The young lord of the manor had passed also, his gun over his shoulder and his head held high to breathe in the crisp air of the early fall day, the neighboring homes of the patroons, as the aristocracy of that part of our country was called at that time. Here lived his play-fellows, the boys and girls of the families of the Livingstons, the Schuylers, the Van Rensselaers, and the Van Cortlandts.

What fun those children of the great landed families

had in those days! Their houses and gardens were like old-time castles and their grounds, so one did not have to limit his company or his games. Christmas was ushered in with the boar's head and the wassail, and Thanksgiving with a hundred guests to eat their fill off the heavy silver plate of the dining hall.

Any day there might be a trip by coach to the little



*What fun those children had!*

town of New York farther down the Hudson; the boys dressed like their fathers in ruffles, silks and scarlet coats, with powdered hair, and the little girls in the most costly silks, satins, calicoes and chintzes.

There were always outriders for a trip of this length, and you could tell whose coach was being drawn by the four great Flemish horses by its emblazoned family coat-of-arms; the lance for the De Lanceys, the ship of the Livingstons, and the castle of the Morris family with flames of fire shooting up from its turrets.

But this lad, Gouverneur Morris, was thinking of nothing except the squirrels and hares which he hoped to bag. There might, he knew, as he skirted the bay where the Croton River emptied itself into the Hudson and made a small lake full of striped duck and a harbor for canvas-backed ducks, be a deer or a wolf in the trail ahead of him before long.

The wolf might not be so interesting, but Gouverneur held his body straight and with a fine disregard of danger. That was the bearing he had inherited with his inheritance of the patroon. He was an American boy who was not going to feel inferior to anything or any situation. He did not know fear.

But a slight stir in the depths of the forest, a flash of a colored feather too long for that of a scarlet tanager or a wild turkey between the green of the pine trees stiffened the young lord of the manor into attention.

The immediate stillness and the disappearance of the color gave him the impulse to shoot his musket at an unwary squirrel who came out to the end of a limb to chatter at this interloper in its woods. Gouverneur missed the squirrel and the swiftly flying, flint-tipped arrow that winged its deadly way out through the trees at him just missed him.

He did not run. He stood there in the path, a trifle straighter, a bit whiter of lip. Suddenly an Iroquois lad, his bronzed body tense beneath his blanket and wearing the feathered crown of his family and castle, faced the white boy.



He pointed to Gouverneur's gun, then to the arrow in explanation. Then he indicated his packet of furs and his wampum belt to show that his was a peaceful errand; that he, at least, of that dread race of the Five Nations whose council fires stretched from the rising sun of eastern New York State to its setting at the west, was upon a peaceful errand.

This Iroquois boy of the Bear family, not more than the patroon boy's age, fourteen summers and winters, was on his way to trade at New York.

"I didn't shoot at you!" Gouverneur exclaimed. Then, seeing that the Bear boy did not understand him, he pointed to the squirrel, now back on his home branch and still scolding down at him. The Iroquois understood now. He showed his white teeth in an appreciative smile.

The patroon lad examined the Iroquois' beautifully embroidered moccasins and the burden strap, also decorated with dyed moose hairs and colored porcupine quills, by means of which, bound across his forehead and suspended by straps of deer-thong, the furs were fastened to his back. He wanted that burden strap to wear the next time the boys had a sham fight in the wide Morris meadows back of the pasture. He touched it. Then he turned out the pockets of his hunting breeches.

They disclosed an English shilling and a Spanish doubloon, his sole wealth.

The Indian boy laughed again as he pointed to his wampum belt, made of smoothly polished and beautifully dyed river shells. That wampum was the perfectly bal-

anced standard of currency of the Five Nations, and they were quite as rich a nation at that time as was the patroon community living on their threshold.

Wide spreading acres of maize and vegetables, orchards and vineyards in the lake section of their Long House, well-built castles of logs and a well-established trade in furs brought to them by the lake route from Canada—these were the wealth of the Five Nations.

The two boys turned and walked back toward the manor house together. Gouverneur discovered that the Bear lad could speak a little French, and he himself spoke French as well as English having learned it from his Huguenot mother.

They exchanged stories about the growing village of New York, about its very interesting water front, its shops, and the difficulty of buying what one wanted with so many different kinds of money, brought in from every port on earth it seemed.

As they parted at the gate of Morisania, where the Morris manor stood, the Iroquois lad bowed a formal farewell, touching his wampum belt in pride. He felt richer than this young lord, in spite of Gouverneur's great house, his aristocratic surroundings and his coach standing just outside the gate with its blazing castle painted on the door. He would exchange his furs for cloth, salt, tools, knives, whatever his family needed, in New York, and his wampum would buy his way home to the Long House.

The Bear boy light-heartedly shot a gay arrow into

the air as he went on along the bank of the wide flowing Hudson. That for English shillings and Spanish doubloons!

The Morris coach, whirling past the groups of bobbing tenant-farmers in their blue smocks and leather aprons, and with Gouverneur and his mother and father and little Betsy from a nearby manor inside, overtook the Indian boy the next day. Gouverneur ordered it stopped and asked him to ride at the back, but the boy declined.

So they gave him a rare treat in a basket of food, fruit, twisted crullers and gingerbread cakes, and drove on. When they reached the outskirts of New York, the sights were so thrilling that the lad inside, in his best ruffled clothes, and the little girl, in stiff yellow brocade and a stuff cloak lined with white down, forgot the young Iroquois.

Wide distances, elm-lined streets beside gardens just yellowing with the fall, but sweet, nevertheless; the hammer of carpenters, the tap of the shoemaker, the ringing of the smithy's anvil, the scraping of the ivory turners and the cabinet makers, the noisy bargaining at the fur stations; the smell of the pies and bread from some home kitchen; and, as they neared the water front, pitch, salt, tea, spices—these caught and held the senses in old New York.

Father Morris had business at court, being a lawyer of repute, so the boy and girl wandered about the town while Gouverneur's mother spent an engrossing hour

with a dealer in wigs and scent. They found their way to a furrier's where there were displayed a most delightful row of small ermine tippets and muffs over which little Betsy exclaimed in rapture.

Gouverneur, in a lordly way, pointed to the softest and most stylishly made set of all, again emptying his pockets. Alas, in addition to the shilling and the doubloon, all he had in the way of funds was a varied collection of ducats, sous and pistareens. The furrier shook his head, "I get these with the docking of every sailing vessel," he said. "A young patroon like you ought to have a pocketful of gold."

The lad drew his silver sheathed sword, a dark frown covering his face, but small Betsy began to cry and the shop keeper only sneered. "None of that, my young cock!" he said. "Days are changing, and a merchant is nigh about as good as a lord of the manor now. At least he can choose what kind of coin he will take for his wares."

In the face of Betsy's wail, "I do not want the ermine, Gouverneur. All I want is for you to put your sword back in its scabbard," there was nothing to do but comfort and lead her to the nearest sweets shop. But the day was spoiled for the boy.

When they returned to the manor farm, and supper was eaten, and he lay full length in front of the blazing logs whose flames cast odd shadows on the high wainscoted walls, Gouverneur began to think very hard about money.

He thought about the wampum of the Iroquois, which served them better than did the many coins of the pat-rooms. Presently he got up, sharpened a new quill, ground some fresh ink and started making figures on a sheet of foolscap.

Centime, that tiny French coin with which his mother as a little girl had so much frugal pleasure, buying a sweet, a bit of ribbon, or a doll with a few! Too French, though. Well, call it a cent; that was good English, the lad decided. Suppose one were to be able to have a five-cent piece, a ten-cent piece, any number of coins that could be multiplied and divided and otherwise computed by a decimal system? That would be nice and simple!

Well this patroon boy grew up, and our country grew up even faster. He went, when he was quite young, to King's College, now Columbia College. Afterward he drove such spirited ponies that he was thrown out of his phaeton and his leg was so badly broken that it had to be amputated. But that did not affect his courage. And he watched America striding along with steps even longer than those of her boys.

We were now an independent nation with thirteen states and our first president, and a Declaration of Independence which every state loved and rewrote in its own special way. These separate writings were a kind of plantation covenant. Each one said that, "All men are by nature equally free and independent, have a right to enjoy life and liberty and acquire and possess property, be safe and happy and worship God in one's own way."





*Little girls in most costly silks*

But we were going out west. We had difficulty in measuring and indicating the boundaries of the states. And how the ships docking at Boston, New York and Charleston had increased in number, each one bringing in a bag of money from foreign ports!

In the year 1783 we were three million people, the aristocrats

living as they had in France, Holland and England, and the pioneers struggling to develop our natural resources. Strangers were arriving by every ship, and not altogether welcome folk, either, for they could not read or write in many instances. Our discharged soldiers were gathered up the Hudson, at Newburgh, poorly paid, and inclined to make trouble, and about all the money we had in America was made in mints across the sea.

English guineas and crowns, shillings and pence were paid for our food and clothing over the shop counters, mingled with French, Spanish and German coins. Some of the states were printing paper money, which was, of course, only a promise to pay gold which we didn't have, and so not of much value. And we had an idea that we

must buy so many things; so much finery, so many silver plates and teapots, such feathery bonnets and massive furniture!

So the men who were trying to unite the whole country for its best good called a meeting, in the year 1787, at the old State House in Philadelphia. It was a secret, mysterious meeting, with sentries at the door to keep out people who did not belong there, and with tanbark and sawdust carefully spread on the street outside so that the sound of rattling cart wheels would not disturb the convention.

It was as if someone were ill up there in a big room underneath the Liberty Bell: and, in fact, the thirteen states were feeling rather unwell, for they stood alone and had not yet learned how to manage themselves successfully.

If a boy or girl of today could have managed to squeeze between the muskets of the sentries and creep stealthily up the stairs of the State House at that time, he or she would have seen Mr. Washington, dressed in his best brocades, seated on a raised platform in a large, carved, high-backed chair.

Courtly Mr. Jefferson was there, as was also round-faced, cheerful Mr. Madison in the plain coat he liked. And quite a young man, with a wooden leg but active nevertheless, was stamping around the room, declaiming about the need for the states being made, in a measure, obedient to the national government. And he talked, whenever he could persuade anyone to listen to him.

about wanting to have some good American cents and dollars.

"A dollar is worth six shillings in Massachusetts, eight shillings in New York, seven and six in Pennsylvania and thirty-two and a half in South Carolina," shouted young Gouverneur Morris. "Something ought to be done."

Something was done about it. That year, which was 1787, the convention at Philadelphia, the states ratifying, adopted the constitution of the United States, than which no other chart for the sailing of our ship of state has been found so right. Our currency, from the cent, dreamed of by a lad of the manor, was simplified and given to the people through the efforts of Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Hamilton. But the cent was Gouverneur Morris' idea, and one can do quite a bit with our copper pennies if one only tries. And Gouverneur Morris it was who wrote the final draft of the Constitution.

Mr. Morris believed in developing the waterways of a land, so the next thing he did was to originate and get under way the plans for opening the Erie Canal. And toward the last of his life he wrote this to a friend:

"As yet we crawl along only the outer shell of our country. The interior excels the part we inhabit in soil, in climate, in almost everything. The proudest empire of Europe is but a bauble compared with what America will be, must be, in the course of two centuries, perhaps one."

We proved that also. When we had saved enough of our copper pennies to take the risk, we went out West!



## Eli's Magic Fingers.

If you could have lived in the small green town of Westboro, in Massachusetts, in the year that just preceded the Revolution, you would have had a surprise if you had walked out to the Whitney farm.

It was just an ordinary farm with pleasant green fields, barns for the hay and the stock, and a comfortable white house with a big fireplace in the kitchen that burned huge logs and had an oven for baking pies and crusty loaves of bread. But the best part of the Whitney farm—at least so Eli, the Whitney boy of twelve, and you, too, would have thought—was Mr. Whitney's workshop.

Not many farmers in those early days of our country had as many tools as the Whitneys; a complete set for cabinet work and a lathe, a work-bench and plenty of good pine and oak boards. Looking in pride, his hands in his homespun pockets, young Eli watched his father make chairs for the nearby farmers and wheels for their carts, turn bed posts and fence posts at his lathe and handle his hammers, chisels and gimlets like a master craftsman, which Mr. Whitney really was.

As soon as Eli was able to hold a saw and a jackknife, he used these in making small models of the things his father made, and more. Your surprise, as you came toward the Whitney farm, would have been when you heard the merry tune of a little fiddle coming from the workshop out in the fields. Eli, this twelve-year-old boy, had made this fiddle, although he had never been taught the craft and had been obliged to find the right bit of wood in their forest for it, saving his few copper pennies for buying the strings.

Not only had Eli made his fiddle but he had learned to play it with his hand-made bow and to bring some very gay measures from the strings, for there was one particularly fine thing about this farm boy of olden times. He had made up his mind to train his fingers to do anything he needed to do. He knew that a boy's fingers, and a girl's, for that matter, hold magic in their muscles. Our hands are magicians.

It mattered little to Eli Whitney that he had no games nor toys, and small time for fun after the farm chores were finished. He would just go to work and make something, and have a better time than if his father had bought him the kite, the little wagon, or the fiddle which he made for himself.

"But don't touch my watch, Eli!" his father told the boy sternly when the large silver timepiece, as big as a small clock of today, came to him from England by way of a sailing ship arriving in Boston harbor. Mr. Whitney kept the watch as shining as the face of the moon.



wound it regularly every night with its long key, and was the only farmer for many leagues who had a watch.

Eli listened to its loud ticking proudly, but never had a chance to put it in his own pocket. Indeed, it would hardly have fitted in. Then, one fateful day, the watch stopped. No amount of shaking, winding, or coaxing would start it. The wonderful silver watch from England was out of order and there was no watchmaker short of Boston to fix it.

Every Sunday the entire Whitney family rode ten miles to church. They went on horseback, Eli riding with his father on the same horse. But the week that the watch stopped, Eli was taken ill. He had so much pain that his mother said he must have eaten too many pancakes and molasses.

However it had happened, he could not go to church. But as soon as the family was out of sight across the fields, Eli felt better. He took the precious watch out to his father's workbench, carefully opened the case and removed the entire works with his clever fingers. Yes, he had been right in his guess. There was a little dirt clogging the main spring, which was easily removed. Eli did this, cleaning the wheels also.

But could he put the watch together again? Fathers were stricter in those days than they are today, and Eli knew that he had been forbidden to touch the watch. If he had hurt it, his father might send him to Boston as an apprentice boy as a punishment, and Eli loved the farm and the workshop at home.



*"That would be as great a help as fighting"*

He had laid the wheels and springs of the watch out in the position and order in which he had taken them from the watch. Now, with the same care, he replaced them until each was in its proper place in the case once more. He wound the watch. Oh, how wonderful! It ticked as usual, loudly and regularly! Eli worked a wonder indeed, for those times.

The watch went well after that, much to his father's surprise, for Eli dared not tell him what he had done to it. He did not miss church one Sunday from that time on, although his conscience troubled him not a little because of what he had done.

Suddenly troublesome times fell upon the Colonies and this boy decided that he would try and make up for

what, in those days, was almost a sin. He made up his mind to go with the volunteers to battle in the Revolution, as a drummer boy or one of the boys who carried water bottles in the rear of the army as Eli's neighbors, brave young lads who loved their country, were doing every day.

So there came a morning when the straggling army of farmers and villagers, the first minute-men of the Revolution, marched by the Whitney farm on their way to Boston. And Eli buttoned his homespun jacket, pulled his old fur cap down over his forehead, and started to join the army at the rear. But the leader of the troops stopped him.

"Is that a workshop yonder, with a bench and tools and a small forge in it, boy?" he asked. "And to whom does it belong?"

"That is our workshop, sir," Eli told him proudly.

"Well, then, can you not supply us with nails?" asked the man. "We need all kinds and sizes of nails; horse-shoe nails, nails for mending our wagons of supplies, nails for our broken shoe-soles. Supplying the Army of the Colonies with nails would be as great a help as fighting."

That is how it happened that there was one less drummer boy in the war of the Revolution and the steady sound of busy hammering day and night in the Whitney shop. Eli, about thirteen years old then, was bending over the forge shaping and pointing iron nails that would keep the transports together, help tired horses

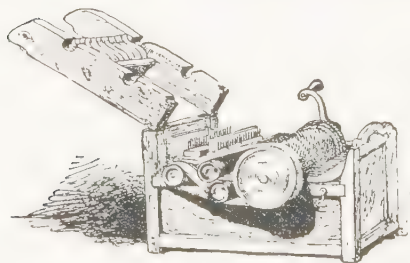
along hard roads and carry along the weary feet of the Continental army.

Almost any boy could have made nails, but hardly a boy of that period or of to-day would have stuck to the making of nails as Eli Whitney did during the Revolution, or have made them so skillfully and so quickly.

He knew that he was doing his duty right there at home just as much as if he had been beating a drum with the boys of the army.

And one day, in the midst of his work, he told his father about the watch and his father did not have a word of blame for him. Wasn't the watch going well still, and wasn't he proud of his son's nails?

The war ended, leaving a new nation as helpless as a child who is learning to walk, but Eli went on working in steel and iron. He sharpened axes and knives. He made some of the new table forks which people of fashion were beginning to use, and he made blades for table knives. He sharpened jackknives, and he soon had earned for himself a most enviable reputation for turning out shipshape work.



*Whitney's cotton gin*

He needed a helper, so he started out on foot to try and find another boy to be his apprentice. On his journey Eli Whitney found out that ladies were pinning their bonnets

on with hat pins. This was a new line of work. Eli and his boy helper went back and made ornamental hat pins. It was a thriving business.

Our South, at that time, was beginning to be white with the beautiful bolls of the cotton plant. The whole country needed cotton for the looms and dyepots of the North. Housewives wanted snowy sheets and cotton spreads for their great four-poster beds. The boys were beginning to want "boiled shirts," white and starched, to wear to the meeting-house on Sunday. The girls loved the pretty pink and blue calicoes, with figures and patterns of flowers, that the village stores were beginning to sell, and which clever hands could stitch into frocks for Sabbath wear. The cotton was needed for this demand but, ah! it was a slow process getting it in any quantity to the North.

The seeds must be pulled, one by one, by hand, from their white lint. The finest cotton had the smallest seeds. If one seed were left in the cotton it was crushed in the machinery that manufactured the thread, and the dark oil of the seed spoiled the whole roll of cotton. Until this trouble was remedied the whole country would suffer. Speed in manufacturing is an important consideration.

But one day something amazing happened down in Savannah. There was a huge, interesting plantation there with acres of growing cotton, hundreds of men at work, gardens of roses, orchards of figs and a house full of fun and hospitality for boys and girls. It belonged to Mr. Greene, an important man of the South. And in the big



parlor of that house a party was being held to demonstrate a recent invention.

It was a simple bit of cylindrical machinery, small, and as easily turned by hand as a grindstone. But its long, sharp, iron fingers imitated those of the human hand. It took a bunch of cotton in its fingers and, with a few turns of the wheel, the fingers separated the seeds from the cotton and turned out the white cotton, free of the seeds.

When it was perfected and equipped with belts and the power of running alone, this new cotton gin was going to make America great. Where one stalk of cotton had grown in Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas, a thousand would rise. It was the most needed invention of the day.

"Eli Whitney, that clever young man from Yale College, who came by ship to Savannah, invented this," said Mrs. Greene. "He came to visit us and he saw at once how we needed the cotton gin, but no one ever thought of anything so simple as making fingers out of iron to separate the cotton. He has worked with his hands from the time he was a little boy, and he paid his own way at Yale College. Now he has done a fine thing for his country in this invention. We all need to thank him."

This was true, and there has been hardly an American of our history who did so much to help his country as Eli Whitney. The histories tell all about his greatness and the things the cotton gin did, but you never knew, did you, about his fiddle, his father's watch, and young Eli's nails

and hat pins? His own clever fingers invented the magic fingers of the cotton gin, and still they were just the same ten fingers that the boys and girls of the present day have!

We had come to the time in our history when it was necessary for the states to work together; the northern states, where machinery had begun to hum, and the southern states in which the fabric of a nation's prosperity was rising with the new growth in the cotton fields each season. The great men of the times realized this. An old letter from Thomas Jefferson expresses this. It was kept, with pride, in Eli Whitney's family for a long time.



*Eli Whitney*

“My dear Mr. Whitney,” the letter ran, “As the State of Virginia, of which I am a resident, carries on household manufacturing of cotton to a great extent, as I also do myself, and one of our great embarrassments is cleaning the cotton from the seeds, I feel considerable interest in the success of your invention for family use. Has the machine been thoroughly tried in the ginning of cotton? What quantity of cotton has it cleaned on an average of

several days, worked by hand and by how many hands? What will be the cost of one of them?

“Favorable answers to these questions would induce me to engage one of them to be forwarded to Richmond for me.

“Your most obedient servant,

“Thomas Jefferson.”

We know that the cotton gin answered all these requirements and more. Its busy iron fingers were a means of uniting human fingers in a handshake of co-operation between two widely separated and different sections of our growing nation, the North and the South.

# Apple Paring Tom



“Tom, Tom, Sam Blanchard’s son!

Couldn’t talk, so away he run!”

The boys and girls of the little red school house near Sutton, in Massachusetts, followed the boy as far as they could, calling this doggerel rhyme after him, and

then lost him in the woods on his way home to the Blanchard farm. Tom Blanchard stuttered. He was good at spelling and arithmetic and he could write a fine hand, but when he started to tell his classmates something his tongue ran away with him.

That was a pity, for young Tom was a good playfellow, if only the children had given him a chance to play. He was one of six boys at home on the farm, and they had no toys nor very much playtime, so Tom had to use his hands and his head in filling his few spare minutes with fun.

He chuckled to himself now, as he escaped from his tormentors into the shadows of the forest. What did he care for their taunts! He had a secret that they would have given anything to share; something he had made

but couldn't tell them about. On he plunged until he came to a roaring little stream in the depths of the woods. There he sat down on the bank and rubbed his hands together in satisfaction. If only the boys had kept on a bit farther in his trail, but they were village boys and did not know the woods as well as did Tom.

One boy, however, bolder than his fellows, had followed Tom. Hiram had pushed through the thicket where Tom went, far enough behind him so that Tom had not seen him. He peered in at Tom there beside the brook and then his eyes grew wide with wonder. He ran back to tell what he had seen to the boys in the village.

"You couldn't have seen it, Hiram," one boy said.

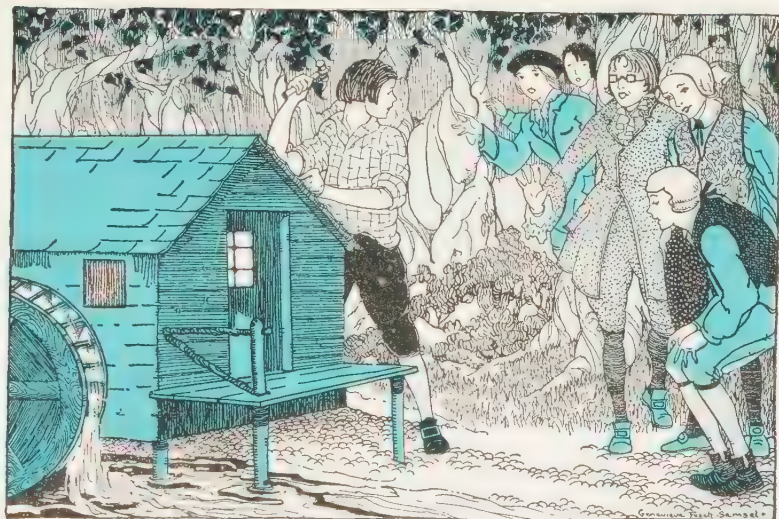
"There isn't such a plaything in the Colonies," said another.

"Take us with you to see it, then," said the third.

The next day was Saturday and as many boys as lived in the small village of Sutton, about a score, hurried with their Saturday chores and trailed after their leader, Hiram, to see the wonder in the Blanchard woods. They were skeptical. They thought that Hiram had been making up a tale for them, but boys of those old days of our country, about the year 1800, were very honest. Life was too serious a matter and too full of hard work for them to be able to indulge in "make-believe."

So on they went, but Tom was there by the bank of the little forest stream ahead of them. He was surprised, scared a bit at first, to see them. Then, when they exclaimed, asked him where it came from, if his father had





*"A little mill!" the boys exclaimed*

made it, and how much it had cost, Tom discovered that he could talk. He did not stutter a bit as he told how he had made this wonderful toy, every board and shingle with his own hands and his jackknife.

"A little mill!" the boys exclaimed. "Just like the village grist mill!"

Yes, there it was beside the stream, its wheel turning as the water rushed over it and its wooden sails flapping steadily. It had a door and two windows. It was covered with cedar shingles that Tom had cut and smoothed with the greatest care. It was stout and the right size for a child of two or three to be able to stand up in. It was a wonder, and the boys grudgingly gave in to the fact that stuttering Tom was more clever than they.

They remained with Tom until the shadows of the forest were too heavy for them to see to play, and every one of them knew that he would have to go without his supper. They left the little mill working away there in the woods, and they decided on their way home that they would never again call Tom Blanchard names.

The mill in the forest would probably have had many boy visitors the ensuing days, except for the fact that a village blacksmith came to Sutton and set up his shop near the Common. Before that the farmers had driven as far as Worcester to have their horses shod.

Many of the children had never seen a forge, with its shower of rosy sparks rising as far as the tree tops and the grimy, bare-armed blacksmith making his hammer ring upon the anvil. The boys stood in excited groups around the door of the blacksmith shop as they watched the dull, hard iron turn to a red-hot, pliable mass in the fire, and then saw it welded into horseshoes, wheel rims and sleigh runners as if it were as plastic as dough on a moulding board.

The children had been watching the blacksmith for ten days, and it was coming on toward the season for the harvest, when they discovered that Tom Blanchard was not among their number.

"Maybe he's bashful," Hiram said. "Come on out to his farm and ask him to have a look at the blacksmith with us."

So the boys took the six-mile walk out to the Blanchard farm. Before they had reached it they heard a sur-

prising sound, the sound of a hammer on iron, softer but surprisingly like the ring of the blacksmith's hammer on his anvil in the village. As they came nearer, following the ringing blows, the boys discovered that the sound came from a shed on the Blanchard farm. They stole softly up and peered in the door.

It was a miniature blacksmith's shop that met their delighted eyes, with Tom himself the blacksmith! He had driven in with his father once to have a horse shod, and when he came home he had gone to work to make himself a play smithy.

In the corner of the farmhouse attic, Tom had been saving a pile of scrap iron for some time, and he had chosen pieces from this pile for his blacksmith play. The shed he used had been full of plows and harrows, old hoes and spades, which Tom had moved to a corner to make room for his forge.

The small forge was built of stones he had brought in from the pastures, and even had a little chimney. His anvil was a large iron wedge driven into a low block of wood. Of course, the forge was too small to fire the iron, but it was fun to pretend that the bits of metal he took from it were red-hot. These Tom hammered merrily on his little anvil. It was a splendid play, and the boys agreed that Tom had a lot more to him than they had ever thought.

Tom's father thought so, too, at this time. Tom was about twelve years old then, and it was the time when boys of that period began to think of leaving school and

learning a trade. Farmer Blanchard thought that Tom ought to be a farmer but, when he saw the little grist mill whirring away in the woods and caught Tom trying to carry live coals from the kitchen fireplace out to his blacksmith's shop, he decided that Tom should have a chance to learn to be a mechanic.

"Next year you may go to Milbury to your brother's tack factory," his father told young Tom. The elder Blanchard boy had a small shop in Milbury where twenty men and boys were kept busy manufacturing the tacks, in demand at that time for fastening the new flowered carpets to parlor floors. Working with him would be fun, Tom knew, and he planned to go in the fall, but there was a harvest party in the village and he waited for that.

It was held in the largest barn in the village, which happened to belong to Hiram's father. Festoons of bright fall leaves and braided ears of yellow corn made the walls beautiful. There were piles of ears of corn to be shelled, and barrels of apples to be pared for making the strings of dried apples that would make apple pie and luscious applesauce, sweetened with molasses, for winter night suppers.

Everybody turned to and helped his neighbor in those days. In between the songs and games and the fiddle music the boys and girls shelled corn and pared apples with deft hands. They had coffee and doughnuts and bread and molasses and cake to their utmost limit, and they worked the harder for the fun and food that sweetened the work.

Big brass lanterns and tallow drips lighted the barn. By their dim light Hiram saw the pile of apples that Tom Blanchard had pared. It was enormous! It was too large a pile for any boy, or a man for that matter, to have pared.

“Who helped you, Tom, you sly one!” asked Hiram, but Tom Blanchard laughed as he shyly pulled from his pocket and showed to Hiram an invention of his own that he had brought to the paring bee. Hiram shouted. Others of the apple peelers came to look at the contrivance, and exclaimed as well.

The invention was an apple parer! It was small but it was made of wood and iron, and had a spindle on which the apple turned. A gauge of wire on the blade kept the parings even and thin. This gauge, as Tom proudly explained, took the place of one’s thumb and forefinger in guiding the blade. It was a very helpful invention in those days when apples formed so large a part of the family’s food.

But when Tom went, still only a boy, to his brother’s tack factory, his fondness for making things was discouraged. His brother had an adage, “It takes a knack to make a tack. No machine can do it!”

So Tom headed tacks until he was very tired of it, and he watched a workman count the hundred tacks that were packed in the small bundles to be sold until he could stand it no longer. Tom invented a machine that was a little like a clock wheel. It advanced a tooth at a time as a tack was headed and, at the hundredth tack, a bell



rang. That made the elder Blanchard decide to give up his tack-making adage.

So this boy, this Tom Blanchard, who is a real boy of our early history, spent his teens in working at machinery, going from one shop to another, and always trying to make the work quicker and simpler; trying to devise an invention for some piece of work that had been done before by hand. Finally came Thomas Blanchard's great contribution to the story of American invention.

He never forgot his success in making the apple parer, its simple revolving motion, and the speed with which it turned out a pared, round, and well-shaped apple. Thomas Blanchard undertook the task of inventing a machine that would turn and shape wood as well as his apple parer shaped an apple.

We owe to this boy, who had such a turn for making things, the Blanchard lathe by means of which irregular forms could be turned out. A boy of to-day can understand the principles and the usefulness of this early lathe. It was originally designed and used for turning out shoe lasts. Our country was having roads cut into it by the farmers, by the traveling tinkers and peddlers who stopped at the doors of isolated farms with their tools, cooking utensils, lanterns and candlesticks, and by the children who walked miles to the nearest school-house. There was a great need for quicker and better ways of making shoes.

So, when this new lathe of Tom Blanchard's invention was built, the shoe last, that before had been made pains-

takingly by hand, could be turned out in quantities by machine. A pattern-last and the block to be carved were fixed on the same axis and then revolved by a pulley. There was a sliding carriage on which pivots were fastened from which the axles of a cutting wheel and a friction wheel, equal in diameter, were suspended. The cutting wheel turned on a horizontal axis.

The friction wheel was in contact with the pattern-last and pressed against it while in motion. As the lathe revolved, the pattern, which had an irregular surface, caused the axis to approach and recede from this friction wheel. The wheel for cutting, in its corresponding revolution, removed wood from the block until a duplicate of the pattern appeared.

This was the manner in which the Blanchard lathe succeeded in turning out useful and intricate forms for that period of our history when the development of the country had been handicapped by the lack of tools and appliances.

Then it was that the lathe for turning out muskets was invented. It carved so neat a gunstock that it hardly needed to be touched with sandpaper. There had been lathes before, but none for fine turning like this. A boy's air-gun could be made then, where before it was impossible because the stocks had been carved by hand. And Thomas Blanchard's lathe was so successful that the smallest handles and spindles and rollers of wood could be made with it.

We can scarcely limit the uses of the lathe in the life of

to-day. Its principle, as exemplified in the Blanchard lathe, is applicable in the turning of a school child's pencil box, the beautiful column which supports the entrance to the school or other public building, the Pullman trimmings of the fast-flying Twentieth Century Limited train and the propeller shaft of the great ocean liner.

The old records tell us that, before long, Thomas Blanchard had built a steam wagon that speeded along country roads a little as the automobile speeds to-day. But he was not above small tinkering. A teacher brought him a school slate once and asked if there was any way of making one with a wooden frame that would not break if a child dropped it. Wood and slate were costly in those days. Mr. Blanchard chipped off the corners of the slate until it was oval, made an oaken frame to fit it by bending a wire loop inside the wood, and there was a slate that wouldn't break!

Few boys, watching a great factory lathe at work, or using one of their own in their home workshop, know about this long-ago Tom who had to make his own playthings and even the inventions for doing this work. But he never forgot his own boyhood, nor what a boy likes, and Tom Blanchard was an example for the lad of to-day who likes to make things.

## The Ship That Sang

“Nail to the mast her holy flag,  
Set every threadbare sail,  
And give her to the God of storms,  
The lightning and the gale!”

Ann, standing in her best ruffled muslin and blue silk cape under the elms beside her gate, looked a bit scornfully at the boy in blue sailor's uniform who was leaving.

“I mean just what I say, Isaac,” she repeated. “I do think that you should have taken your uncle's advice and accepted his most kind offer to see you through Yale College. A cabin boy, and a runaway boy at that! I thought better of you.” And the little lady of old Saybrook, in Connecticut, tossed her curls and turned away from her boy friend, Isaac Hull.

He tried to explain, to apologize for himself. “Ah, my dear Ann, if it had happened that you had been one boy of a large, poor family of seven, if you had lived always beside the sea and loved ships all your life; if you weren't afraid of either the tides, or thunder, or lightning, or any kind of storm; if,” the boy's eyes were close to tears, “your father had been a captain and died in the service of the sea?”

Ann still kept her pretty, rounded cheek, so like the side of one of the pink peaches in their wide orchard, averted from Isaac's pleading blue eyes as she replied:

"I am, as you very well know, Isaac Hull, one of seven daughters. I have never been afraid of thunder and lightning, and I never ran away from a good home just because I wanted the adventure of shipping in the American Marine, as only a cabin boy. I like a hero!"

And, tripping daintily along the gravel path toward the wide white entrance of the Hart mansion, Ann left her sailor-boy friend to go sadly down the village street to the stage-coach stand from which he was leaving that night for Boston and his sailing ship, bound for the Indies.

He knew that Ann Hart, his dearest little girl friend, was right. A boy who had been adopted by a kind relative and given the chance to make a schoolmaster, or a minister or a merchant of himself, through being edu-

cated at Yale College, at New Haven, should not have thrown away the opportunity as he had done.

Indeed, Isaac Hull had seemed to be most ungrateful, a vagabond, wayfaring sort of lad, unable to keep away from the shipyards, the docks and the lading offices. But he straightened his shoulders in



*Ann left her sailor-boy friend*



resolute pride as he stepped up into the crowded, lumbering stage coach and gave a last look at the tree-lined streets of Ann Hart's town. He gritted his teeth. "She wants a hero, does she? Well, she'll not see me again until I can measure up to that."

Ann did not reach the wide porch of her house. Looking backward after Isaac's disappearing blue jacket, she sat down on the stump of their great oak tree, all that was left of the oak that had gone to Boston.

The tree had gone to help in the building of a ship, and so stately and tough a ship that every family which had sacrificed a tree for the ship's decks or masts or iron-strong sides, was proud of the sacrifice. There had been this advertisement in one of the old New England newspapers:

"Let every man in possession of a white oak tree be ambitious to be foremost in hurrying down the timber to Boston where the noble structure is to be fabricated to maintain your rights upon the seas and make the name of America respected among the nations of the world. Your largest and longest trees are wanted, and the arms of them for knees and rising timber. Four trees are wanted for the keel which, altogether, will measure at least 146 feet in length and hew 16 inches square."

So one of the Harts' mammoth oak trees had gone, and little Ann rubbed a pair of brown eyes that looked suspiciously wet as she kicked her bronze kid slippers against its lonely roots. Their tree had gone to help keep American seas, and all the high seas for that matter.

free. And Isaac was going to sea. Had she been a bit too severe? Ann wondered.

The journey of the Harts' white oak tree to Boston had been like the traveling of royalty. The tree had met other great timbers along the road, all of them taking the same way from the wood lots and lawns of the surrounding villages, where the trees had been hewed and hauled on ox-carts through the snowy streets of Boston.

There had been cheering for the trees, as they passed the mill where strong duck for the ship's sails was woven, then another mill where huge hempen cables were made, later to be hoisted on the shoulders of strong men and carried, to the tune of fife and drum, alongside the timbers to the shipyard.

Strong ships were needed to preserve the commerce of our growing country. Its ports, harbors, bays, creeks, rivers, islands and seacoasts were open to anyone who cared to use them. And the seas were used by many powers, as they had been in the former days of the pirate ships. One captain could pursue another and scuttle his ship for its cargo if he had the speed and the guns.

Ann's oak tree had made planks for the deck of a frigate. Its ironwork was wrought by the Boston smiths. The frame was made entirely of live oak and all her planks were bent in without steam, for it was thought that steam weakened the wood.

Mr. Hartley, in whose shipyard the ship was built, had six daughters and, being a rich man for those times, he sent across to England for six beautiful scarlet cloth



*Sat down on the stump of their great oak tree*

cloaks for his girls to wear to parties. But when the cloaks arrived, it was discovered that there was not enough of the right kind of cloth for calking the frigate, from which tall, slender masts raised themselves like slim fingers pointing to the Stars and Stripes floating from the port flagstaff. So the six Hartley girls tore their scarlet cloaks into strips and gave the cloth as their offering to finish the Constitution, for that was what the ship was named.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the work of building the Constitution was the carving of her figure head. From the days of the ancient Vikings, the sailing ships of the earth had been made almost human by means

of the figurehead standing above the waves at their prows as the ship rode through stormy seas.

A wooden fiddle, that symbol of pioneer happiness and cheer, stood on the bow of the Constitution. It was put there for her captain's hope as the ship rode to storm or to battle, as if the winds and the waves, even the whistle of bullets, were to make an accompaniment for the song of a good ship's courage.

Being a free country is not so easy as it sounds. The states being independent, we had committed ourselves to the policy of a free sea. "Free trade and sailors' rights!" men said to one another when they saw, through their spy-glasses, some ship flying a foreign flag lie in wait for and give chase to one of our frigates.

And the year 1812 saw bitter warfare being waged about the new little town of Detroit, the outlet of the waterway of the Saint Lawrence through the Great Lakes. Here was a water route through Canada for foreign powers, with the Indians for allies wherever and whenever they could be hired as allies.

The West was opening, so full of adventure and discovery.

"We have determined to maintain this place, and by Heaven we will!" said the captains of the West.

But Isaac? Well, the boy did service on several merchant ships, cruising from Boston and Salem to the coconut and date-fringed shores of the tropics; washing decks, waiting on the captain, helping to load a new cargo of heavy barrels of whale oil at the north or bales of tea

to the south, whichever it might be, piling sacks of powder and carrying around a basket of bullets when a pirate gave chase.

Wrecked finally, he drifted home, partly with the tides which carried him along on a broken spar, and partly walking along the coast. But with him was his captain.

Risking his own life this boy, who was not afraid of a storm, had saved his captain when his ship went down.

The Constitution, soon after that, needed a captain. Isaac Hull was still young, but he was offered the position as captain of this gallant, singing ship. A number of bags of gold had to be taken to Holland to pay the interest on the money we owed that country, so the Constitution, Captain Hull riding at her bow, did this errand for his country. On his return he went to Annapolis to get a cargo and crew for a new sailing, and was on his way to New York when something exciting happened.

He was nearing port when he sighted four ships, flying foreign colors, coming very close. This was in the very warm summer of the year 1812, and the sea was smooth and calm, not making good sailing for a frigate. Isaac Hull, however, was not going to be chased, so he began kedging to clear his ship from pursuers. And what was kedging?

Fancy a fine old sailing ship becalmed, and enemy guns behind her. Try to see her ships lowered, manned by all hands, and stout cables attached to the ship and to the boats by means of which she must be towed along by straining, weary rowers.



Watch a gallant captain in cocked hat, small clothes and gold lace, pacing the deck of his deserted frigate; turning his spyglass first upon the approaching quartette of ships, then shouting orders and encouragement to his men! That was the way the Constitution won the race with the pack of hounds of the sea that pursued her, and reached port safely.

The matter might have ended there but Captain Hull had to put out again in a few days, and the Constitution went with the idea of "getting" the Guerriere, one of her pursuers that lay in wait for an American ship.

Getting ready for a sea fight in those days was like the stories of Captain Kidd or Treasure Island come true. The boatswain piped the call and the decks were spread with sand so that the crew should not slip in the blood which would be spilled. Fife and drum called four hundred men to stand in their places beside clumsy guns, with only tackle of wood, or to climb into the "tops" to use their muskets. Pikes and cutlasses stood about. Captain Isaac Hull paced the deck in his proudly won uniform, calm, courageous, ruddy of cheek and looking death in the face with a smile.

A volley of bullets, those from the Guerriere sliding off the oak sides of the Constitution! She was dubbed Old Ironsides after that. A climbing crimson tower of flame and then a cloud of smoke that obscured the tragic end of the Guerriere! It was all over in a few moments, but the first concern of Old Ironsides' captain was to rescue the survivors.

As the captain of the *Guerriere* climbed up the side of Old Ironsides, Isaac Hull helped him, his face drawn with sorrow at what he had been obliged to do. The two gallant captains faced each other and he of the lost ship offered Captain Hull his sword. The boy in Isaac, who believed in fair play and respected courage, made a gesture of refusal. "Give me but your hand, sir," he said. "I know you are hurt. I'll trouble you for your hat, but I'll not accept the sword of a man who knows so well how to use it."

About this time Captain Hull, after having been given many medals and some prizes and a dinner in Faneuil Hall, decided to retire and look up the home folks. He had heard of an amazingly pretty girl, as good a housewife as she was a belle of every country dance she attended. But the most amazing part of it was that she was still holding her heart for a very special kind of knight.

It was said that this girl smiled less and less often, though, since she had unkindly turned away from her gate a friend of her childhood days, and the rumor



*The "Constitution"*

reached Isaac Hull that Ann Hart had said, with a sigh, at a ball given in his honor in Saybrook, "Alack, how fine it would be to marry a hero!"

Isaac had paid very little attention to Ann at that ball, but when it was over he asked permission to walk home with her. And when they came to the gate leading to Ann's house, she opened it to him, and they found room to sit side by side on the broad stump of the tree that had gone to Boston to build a ship. It turned out very well with Isaac and Ann, and they lived happy ever after, for a history story often has as good an ending as a fairy tale.

And Old Ironsides lived happily too. The ship's tall masts, her graceful yards, and the fiddle at her bow went singing through the winds and waves on many peaceful voyages after the war of 1812 was over. And, for many years, the high seas were free.

She had other captains, as gallant in their way as Captain Hull had been in his, and when she began breaking up, some of her old wood made a grand presidential coach, part of it made the front door of a Boston mansion, and Old Ironsides was rebuilt as good as new.

She stood, for a number of years, off Annapolis as a training school for the boys and young men who were going to have their own ships later, and in whom Old Ironsides could not help but instill a feeling of love of America as well as the taste of salt and adventure for which she had sailed. And, when we had finished with the Civil War and were once more ready to work and

achieve through our arts and manufactured products, Old Ironsides went to Philadelphia to be one of the most interesting and prized exhibits of old-time days in the States.

One last trip, before she went into dock for her illustrious and peaceful old age, to and from France as she carried our American-made products to and then home from the Paris exposition in 1878! This was a prideful way for Old Ironsides to end her sailing days. If the freedom of the seas, for which she nearly gave up her life, stands for anything, it stands for the safety of the nation's merchant marine.

If you were to go to Boston and take the way that leads to the great docks from which ocean greyhounds sail in safety every week with their cargoes of mail and people and goods, you might touch the barnacled sides of this old ship of our early struggles, the Constitution of the period of 1812, that valiant, singing ship which refused to sink.

Old Ironsides has almost daily visitors. Women who knew the heart-break of losing their loved ones at sea have kissed her tattered sails. A splinter of her wood, even her clinging weeds and rust are precious and, although the fiddle at her bow is gone, the wind sings through her rigging, as it did in former days, for safety on the seas.



## The Adventure of the Chinese Coach

Tom Creesy, thirteen years old, but big and strong for his age, stood at the wharf of old Boston and looked out at the clipper ship on which he was to sail for China in an hour.

Ever since he could remember, Tom had cruised about by himself in a dory at Salem, his home town, watching the shipbuilding and the launchings. Then he had come to Boston and got himself a job in one of the shops near the wharf, where he could see the ships, smell the sea and the fragrant cargoes of tea and spices as they were unloaded from the ships. Tom had only his grandmother and a brood of smaller brothers and sisters in Salem, so no one missed him.

It was adventuresome in Boston just after the Revolution. Almost every week some ship would be getting ready for another long voyage to China or the Indies. Tom would look with longing at its tall, tapering masts, the wind-filled sails, the lofty yards and what seemed to him to be a perfect maze of blocks and slender ropes.

How wonderful the ships' figureheads were, particularly for a boy; carved figures of warriors or wild ani



mals set on the ship's prow to lead it the trackless way through the waters. And all the ship's extras delighted him; spare spars, gratings, capstans, boats, guns and the shining brass work that decorated the decks.

So, when there had been a chance to ship for his board and a few pounds aboard the Ann McKim, Tom had jumped at it. She was a ship, even in those early days. Her frames were of live-oak, and she was bottomed with red copper, well suited to stand a sailing voyage to far-off China. She was trimmed with Spanish mahogany, mounted twelve brass guns and was well equipped with bells.

She was planned to get to Canton in a bit over one hundred days, beating up the Chinese sea against the Monsoon at that. Lucky Tom to be sailing with her!

But it was a gray day, and there was not another person for Tom to talk to there on the wharf; not a boy he knew, not anyone come to tell him Godspeed. All the way along the water front was busy with the craft of ship builders. You couldn't see anything but the ship-building yards, the shops of the small boat-builders and pump-makers, the painters, carvers and gilders, the mast and spar-makers.

All you could hear was the ring of the hammers and the caulking mallets. All you could smell was the sea, the odor of fresh hewn timber, seething Carolina pitch and the Norwegian tar that made the air heavy.

Tom turned up the collar of his homespun jacket and shifted the bundle of clothes he carried on his back.

There was a dampness in his eyes that was saltier than the mist of the water front. Tom, cabin boy on the *Ann McKim*, was homesick. He wished that he had someone he knew there to cheer him on the long voyage.

He knew what the crew of the clipper bound for the Orient was likely to be; Spanish and Portuguese, French and Italians in scarlet shirts and carrying knives in their belts. They were a rough crew. Tom thought of the lonely tides he must face and he was, for the moment, afraid.

“What is the matter, boy?”

Tom jumped as a soft hand touched his rough sleeve.

He turned to look into the eyes of one of the sweetest little ladies he had ever seen, a little girl of perhaps nine years. She wore a long traveling cloak of some soft, crimson stuff and the smallest red boots. Beside her was her maid, a tall, dark woman from the Indies, wearing a yellow kerchief on her head and carrying on her broad shoulders a small haircloth covered trunk.

“You look as lonesome in this bleak Boston as I feel, boy,” the little lady continued. “I am waiting here for my grandmother’s coach-and-four to take us to her house. Old Madam Coleman, she is, and I am sent here alone from my father’s plantation in Barbadoes to go to school in Boston.”

She, too, shivered, drawing her cloak more closely about her. “I shall hate it, I know. I dislike these winter winds, and I shall dislike Madam Coleman’s large, dark house on the Common. My father has always al-



*"What is the matter, boy?"*

lowed me to do as I wish, but I fear that my grandmother won't. I'm homesick!" The strange little girl put one gloved hand to her eyes as her maid took her hand to lead her away.

Tom followed. "Don't you cry," he said. "I'm lonesome, too, because I'm going to China in just a little while now. If you'll tell me your name, I'll try and bring you back a present if I can find you when I come. It's a long voyage, you know."

"Oh!" her eyes shone. "They call me Missy," she told him, "although my real name is Sally. Bring me a toy from China, I pray you! And here, to help you re

member, write it down and keep the pencil from me. It has real India rubber on the end!" Sally thrust a lead pencil, a treasure in those days, into Tom's hand from its hiding place in her long sleeve. Then she was gone, as a coach drove up and enclosed her and the dusky maid within its painted doors.

The creaking of her masts, a trembling of the timbers as if they, too, started with dread upon the venture, and the Ann McKim dipped into the sea and was off. Tom, cold, tired, sometimes beaten, took up his work of washing dishes, scouring brass work, and waiting upon the captain who, in his dignity as the commander of the fastest sailing vessel in the clipper trade, never spoke a kind word to Tom.

A fine captain he was in his blue coat with velvet lapels, bright gold trimming and yellow buttons with the ship's crest on them, waistcoat and breeches of deep blue, cocked hat and side arms. A day was coming when Tom would wear that uniform, but he did not know it then.

Tom slept in a hammock, with his small blue chest underneath. He must see that the copper pots, the kettles and the tin pannikins were clean and bright and in their proper places when the captain, wearing his white gloves, came to look them over. On Wednesdays and Saturdays he had to help wash and holystone the deck. He saw unruly sailors trussed up for punishment with the cat-o-nine-tails, and he hoped this would never happen to him. And he grew lonelier each day on the high seas.

The days were shorter and the nights colder. Snow squalls gathered on the edge of the sky line, and the clipper lifted herself out of the sea in the gales, seeming ready to turn right over as her belaying pin and heavers rolled about the deck. The albatross and wild pigeons screamed in a ghostly way among the rigging and Tom felt as if he hadn't a friend in the world.

But, no! When his day's work was done and he could



*The clipper lifted herself out of the sea*

curl up in his hammock, he would pull out that precious pencil with its India rubber end, remembering as he did so the kind little girl who, in her loneliness, had noted his sorrow so long ago on the Boston wharf.

"I'll stand this voyage for her," he said to himself, "and bring her a toy from Canton."

Then one morning, one hundred and nine days from the day when she had weighed anchor in Boston Harbor, the clipper ship, the Ann McKim, found herself in strange company. She was in a harbor that was as blue as the sky which shone above her.



She was surrounded by the oddest little Chinese *junks* with colored sails and bearing cargoes of fragrant cases of tea, strange fruits, bales of gaily colored silks and jars of rich conserves. The oarsmen were as gaily dressed as was the day with its blue sky and gold sunshine.

The Ann McKim dropped anchor and Tom, with a few shillings to spend, had leave to go ashore for this day while the cargo of tea was taken on and stored in the ship's hold.

But where, in this maze of narrow, crowded streets, could he find a toy for Sally? Fish shops, lantern shops, small, low houses half hidden behind low dwarf trees and tiny bridges, slant-eyed boys at play in the street who chased Tom, pointing at his worn ship's jacket and tanned face and laughing at his close cropped hair!

It was like a dream but at last, late that afternoon, Tom came to a shop where there were toys for sale. And set in the midst of the kites and colored balls and odd dolls was the oddest toy of all, a small tin coach for dolls.

How it came there in a Chinese shop, or who had thought of shaping so perfectly its little windows and the hinged door, its painted wheels and prancing horses, no one knows, but there it was. It was just what Tom, cabin boy of the Ann McKim, wanted for Sally.

The Chinese shopkeeper, as yellow and wrinkled as ancient parchment, shook his head as Tom showed him all his money. The coach, he tried to explain, was not for sale. Tom begged in English. The Chinaman ar-

gued in Chinese. Tom doubled up his fists. The Chinaman quietly took down a long, curved blade from a row of swords that hung on his wall.

At last, Tom took out his precious pencil and held it out to the Oriental. He took it, fingered the rubber, tried its lead on a bit of thin paper. Then he smiled and put it up his satin sleeve as he handed Tom the wonderful little tin coach wrapped up in a piece of old blue silk brocade.

It was late and Tom would feel the cat-o-nine-tails, he knew, if he did not get back before the clipper weighed anchor farther out in the bay for the night. It took all his money to bribe a Chinese junkman to ferry him out to the Ann McKim. Once there, he hid the coach in his blanket, for the rough sailors of the ship would have broken it in rude sport if they had seen it.

Then came the longer voyage home, three and a half months more of rolling seas and back-breaking work for the thirteen-year-old boy, before Boston harbor was sighted. But that spring, when the Ann McKim docked safe home with a fine cargo of tea, Tom started for the Common and the mansion of Madam Coleman, the grandmother of his little friend from the Indies. Under his shabby arm he held closely a bundle from a Chinese toy shop, wrapped neatly in a bit of old blue brocade.

It was not difficult to find the house, with its fan window of pale green glass over the white front door and its polished brass knocker. Madam Coleman, in stiff black silk and white lace cap, answered Tom's knock her-

self, but when he made known his errand she frowned and shook her head.

“My granddaughter is not here,” she told Tom. “Her stay with me was but a brief one, after she had given a party with the remnant of the sweetmeats she brought on the ship. The child was well and brisk, but she wished to have her own way.

“She would not go to school nor to church, and she wanted a new muff and many other things that she did not really need. She has run away from this house with her maid, and I am told that she is boarding at Mistress Binning’s. I wish to have her taught to sew, write and cook, but she has been sadly spoiled.” And Madam Coleman closed the door on Tom.

Tom thought a moment. Poor, homesick, naughty little rich girl! He knew how she felt, but the voyage to China had done something for him. The hard work and the loneliness of the high seas had made him feel like a captain. His heart had swelled with new courage. He must hunt up Sally and tell her about it.

So this was what Tom did. In the parlor of Mistress Binning’s boarding house in Boston, Tom sat on one stiff chair and Sally on another, he in his sea-faring jacket, and she in yellow silk brocade and holding a feather fan. He told her of his voyage and asked her to be as brave as he had tried to be, and go back to her grandmother and her lessons.

Then he unrolled the bit of old blue silk brocade that smelled of spices and almond blossoms, and there, in all

its delights, was the little Chinese coach of painted tin, for which Tom had bartered his precious pencil and nearly taken a hiding in capturing it for her. Who could resist it? Not Sally, who went home to her grandmother, the Chinese coach held tight in her happy arms.

She grew up, so the old history papers tell us, to be a splendid, useful girl of New England. The cabin boy of the clipper was at last its captain, and a little tin coach from China may be seen to-day among the toys of yesterday that have been photographed for museums of our country, because they made history quite as truly as did the battles and all the schoolbook dates.

So, also, was American shipping beginning to make history, for we had learned that we could not produce all the food we needed and that our larger houses and growing social demands created needs which could only be supplied from the ports and marts of the old world.

We could drink all the tea we wanted, providing we could get it. Tea is a commodity which, if it is kept long in a ship's hold, quickly loses its delicate flavor. So large prizes were offered to the masters of the clipper ships for the shortest voyages and the largest cargoes when Captain Cressy's ship, or any other, returned to port. For a long time our American ships were the racers of the sea. There was one of our clippers, of 907 tons and built in 1842, the *Sea Witch*, that caused some talk among foreign shippers. She could carry 1,100 tons of China tea, and make the trip from Boston to Hongkong and back in record time.

It would have been thrilling to see Captain Cressy's ship dock when Sally was a young lady, perhaps expecting a rarer gift than that of the toy Chinese coach.

There might be a teakwood chair, carved in fierce and gilded dragons, or a sweetly perfumed chest of yellow camphor-wood gracing the clipper's hold. Sandal-wood fans and hair combs of delicately carved tortoise shell, spices and sugar from the Indies for making a wedding cake taste of the East, black coffee and thick golden molasses from Rio, a length of figured silk and a pair of tiny brocaded slippers from France—all these the swiftly sailing ships of our first merchant marine brought to Beacon Hill, and The Bowery, and to the stately Battery of old Charleston.

Flour and pepper, oil for the lamps that were taking the place of the former hand-dipped candles, beautifully woven shawls of Cashmere that brought the colors of the Orient to a new country which had been able to spare little time for color before, an amber necklace and a pair of coral eardrops in return for fighting the tides and gales for months to and from the Cape of Good Hope—these the courageous Captains of the clipper-ship era of America brought home to the Sallies for whom they voyaged.



## The Covered Wagon

Benny Goodyear stood, his blue eyes shaded with one hard, freckled little hand, to look up the Lancaster turnpike for the first wagon of the expected wagon train. It was an event when the long line of canvas-covered Conestogas, the ships on wheels of that mysterious, unknown tract of our country stretching from Pennsylvania to the trading town of Saint Louis, came home.

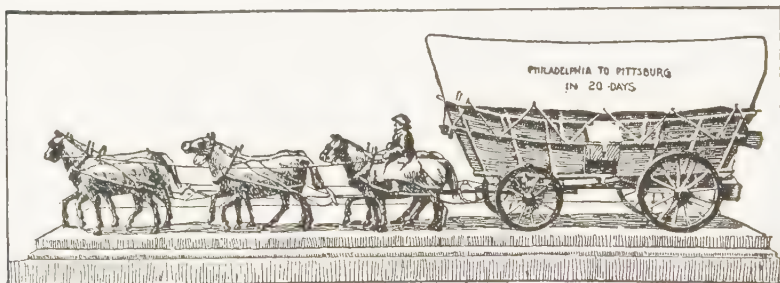
The wagon train brought a cargo of corn, oats, wheat, coffee, bacon and ores which the West could give the East in return for the loads of cotton cloth, fish, salt, molasses, boots and shoes and notions from the East.

Benny's father kept the largest tavern at Lancaster, and in the great stable yard a ring of these schooner-like wagons would be drawn up for the night. Their tired drivers gathered around the big tavern stove, eating roasted oysters and telling of their adventures on the road until late into the night.

Benny helped with blanketing the horses and filling the great feed boxes, built on the back of each wagon, with oats furnished by the inn-keeper for these honored guests. A nation on wheels we were, and we were just beginning to find out how vast our country is and how important were the wagon routes going West and connecting with the flat boats and the river steamers for opening up inland trade.

The boy was proud of the turnpike road as he stood there waiting for the first glimpse of red on a horse's head tassels of ribbons, or the first jingle of a wagon's triumphant harness bells.

The Lancaster turnpike was a new and good road, made partly of stone. Tauser, Benny's dog, ran up and



*Model of a Conestoga wagon*

down it, barking at the equipages which passed in the sunshine of a late afternoon of the fall. Two-wheeled private carriages, an occasional brightly painted stage-coach, big Dutch farm wagons loaded with vegetables and fruits from the fertile orchards of Pennsylvania—all these went by with a great rattling of wheels, but the wagon train was not yet in sight.

Suddenly, though, Tauser ran madly ahead, fairly bursting his throat with his excited yelps. A bit of red, and then a shimmer of blue and white appeared against the setting sun. The first of the wagons was in sight, lumbering along like a clumsy wain of some old English road. At last Benny could make it out plainly!

Any boy or girl would have been thrilled at the sight,

knowing what adventures along the wilderness roads and among the Indians the covered wagon rolled through, its great canvas top billowing in storms, its wide wheels fording waterways where formerly only the Buffalo and deer or the canoe had splashed.

But Benny Goodyear had reason to be particularly proud of the covered wagon. It had been built and started out West from Pennsylvania, the land of sunbonnets and accordions, of ploughs and loud, slow-striking clocks that never ran down while there was a chore to be done.

The six horses drawing the swinging wagon came in military order, the heaviest ones nearest the wheels and then graded for rank and size. Their back-bands were fifteen inches wide, the hip straps ten, and the traces were great iron chains.

They had a fine housing of deerskin, trimmed with heavy red fringe, and the headstalls were decorated with brightly colored ribbons in bunches and with bells. They came trotting bravely to the snapping of the driver's great blacksnake whip.

Now the lines of the Conestoga itself were to be seen, like the outline of a ship, the ends of the wagon higher than the middle by as much as twelve inches so that it would take the hills better. The under-body was painted bright blue; the upper was painted red and had over it the hoops of white canvas top. Red, white, and blue, the wagon train approached Lancaster to the tune of its whips and bells. Benny ran down the road and home as fast as his hobnailed shoes would take him.

"The wagons are on the turnpike!" he shouted as he went. And with his call, doors were half opened to allow housewives in caps and plaid shoulder shawls to peer out, then fumble in their apron pockets for a coin or two.

There might be a "fancy" wagon bringing up the rear of the train, a peddler's cart, in which would be bolts of brightly figured calico, ribbons, needles and pins and perhaps white cotton gloves for wearing to church.

This peddler would be a pleasant fellow, full of gossip about the towns through which he had come; Pittsburgh, the trading town of the West, Vicksburg where they were making toys for children, Statler's where solid millstones could be bought at from fifteen to thirty dollars a pair, but the peddler would loudly praise Pennsylvania.

"Have you a bowl of your rich bonny-clabber for me, Tilly," he would ask of some little maid with long tow-colored braids and rosy cheeks, "in return for a tune on my fiddle?" And to some plump farmer's wife, "Is your maple sugar going to run to fifteen hundred pounds again this year, and will your fat coach-horses take first prize at the Lancaster Fair?"

But Benny and Tauser had small use for the peddler with his smaller cart and fine manners. Almost before they reached the inn, the town was given over to the wagons. Sixty teams were drawn up, like a colored fleet, around Tommy White's, The Butter Monkey, Samuel Barnhart's and the Goodyear taverns.

The drivers, rough, brave men, poured into the wide kitchens and tap-rooms, leaving the wagons and horses



*The first of the wagons was in sight*

to the care of stable-hands. Benny, Tauser trying to help by snapping at the horses' heels and so keeping them in line, began his work.

The boy got out the gear-poles—long, light sticks something like fence rails—and stuck one through the spokes of the back wheels of each wagon for a brake. Standing up on his toes, he threw heavy, homespun blan-



kets over the tired, sweating horses. He held feed bags up for them to eat their supper. His work finished, he listened, at the tavern fire, to the talk of the men.

"I can do twenty miles a day with luck."

"The old man who keeps the North Mountain Gate told me he has counted a good bit more than six thousand wagons going west since he's been toll-man there."

"It's good to hit a turnpike after a corduroy road! Plank and pine are all they can build out West and we take to the Indian trails in part, but one driver was telling me we'll soon have three thousand miles of good turnpike from the coast to the Mississippi."

"My wagon can haul ninety barrels of wheat flour."

So the talk mingled with the sound of a banjo and an accordion, the snapping of roasting chestnuts and the clink of empty oyster shells thrown into a tin pan. It was warm in the kitchen. The light from the open door of the stove, the gleam of the polished pewter on the mantelpiece and the bright-colored plaid of the drivers' woolen shirts made Benny's eyes blink. He sat and dozed on the settle, about to go off to sleep, when something aroused him with a start. His father was speaking.

"Lost your dog, did you, on this trip? Shot by the Indians? Yes, I know how you need a dog to run along beside a wagon and give the alarm in the wilderness. Here's our Tausser, a good, strong hound-dog, and my boy Benny'll be proud to send him out with you along with the wagon train, won't you, Benny?"

It was not the sleep in his eyes that made Benny cover

them up with the outgrown sleeve of his jacket, but a lump in his throat that made it impossible for him to answer. His father shook him gently.

"Wake up, Benjamin! Here's a man says he'll take Tauser out West with the wagon train. Stand up and say you'll be pleased to have Tauser go."

"Yes, sir. I'll be pleased, sir, to have my dog go with you!" Benny stood up and tried to speak with the courage of a pioneer, but Tauser was snuggling a loving, cold nose in his hand, and the two laid awake all night in Benny's corn-husk bed in the attic. A boy and his dog were as close to one another then as they are to-day. History repeats itself, and does not change in any way except when an aeroplane skims the trees below which the covered wagon left its valiant ruts.

At this time, the year 1820, a queer, old-fashioned steamboat left the bayou outside of New Orleans with a cargo of sugar, coffee, molasses and hides, to take its hazardous way up the Father of Waters, the sluggish, broad, wonderful Mississippi, to Saint Louis. There, with good luck, a wagon would meet it with the flour, bricks and other necessary supplies from New England and the coast, for its return trip South.

The steamboat had passengers also; fine gentlemen in high silk hats, ladies in crinolines and the most beautiful feathered bonnets, rough traders and planters going North to follow the desert which lay to the West or stake out claims in the rich, blue-grass bottom-lands of Ohio. And there was a little girl traveling alone.

She was a very dainty little French girl named Clotilde, and she was in care of the captain, on her way to her father and mother who were stationed at Washington, her father being in the government's employ. She wore her stiff silks and embroideries, her wide-spreading hoopskirt, and her silk bonnet, like a princess.

She had an ermine-trimmed cape and a small ermine muff in which to hide her little fingers when strange people on the boat would have kissed them. She sat continually on the upper deck, watching the pole-men below her who had to propel the boat along through the shallows. Her full skirts were spread out over her tiny red kid boots, but she was close to tears with her loneliness and the strange shores they passed, each morning stranger.

New Orleans was a sunny, gay, rather crowded city then. It had connections, not only with the seacoast by means of the fast clipper ships but, two years before the Clermont had made such a sensation by steaming up the Hudson, a steamboat sailed down the Ohio River to New Orleans. And now there were steamers being built in Pittsburgh for the river trade between New Orleans and the West. Double-deckers these odd arks of the river were, the engine raised out of the hold. Some could make the round trip from New Orleans to Louisville in forty-one days. It was a wild, lonely trip, though.

Little Clotilde felt as if she were passing along foreign shores as she watched the changes in the banks of the river. Beyond Baton Rouge the tall locust and cottonwood trees and the live oaks, bound together in jungles



*And there was a little girl traveling alone*

by the brilliant-flowered vines, were lost in the panorama of the swelling hills on which small houses of wood seemed to have been dropped by a magician's hands.

She saw black and white goats in the flocks, the wide cotton fields, and the red-brick sugar houses of the plantations. But the river itself was a broad, many-colored solitude, more terrifying than the forests.

Flatboats came in sight once in a while, their cargoes poled along by singing boatmen. The steamer had to skirt river islands, made of driftwood upon which mud had clung until this soil had caught seed and bloomed

into wildflowers and made itself green with young trees.

Alligators came to the surface of the water to sun themselves alongside the terrapin on old logs. By night there were fires and torches, placed at distances along the shore, to guide the boats among the treacherous snags. But the going was hazardous. The passengers never knew when the paddle wheel would stop and a cry ring out, "The boat's struck a leak! We're sinking!"

And as this waterway of our new West was opening, the train of covered wagons from Lancaster, the head wagon led by a dusty, limping, proud dog named Tauser, took its way toward the meeting of the docks and the wagon trails at Saint Louis. The trail had met and joined forces with an emigrant wagon train from New England and New Jersey, its canvas tops sheltering the family furniture, the farming implements, food for the trip and the children.

You could tell the New England wagons, for the mothers rode on horseback, ahead of the men even, singing as they went. The New Jersey women were not hardened enough yet to ride outside. The sunbonnets from Pennsylvania, going out to keep log homes in the West, rode inside the Conestogas, mourning for the tulip china and the waxed-wood floors they left behind.

But nothing could equal the courage and joy of Tauser. He had left Lancaster with his tail between his legs, remembering his little master's face when he had tied a bell and a tassel to his collar to match his wagon.

However, the first night out, when Tauser had watched



the driver take out a bundle of hay from the feed box for the horses, he had seen the bundle amazingly come to life. A freckle-faced boy in a homespun suit and a cap made of coon-skin, a plaid muffler wound around his neck, and his axe stuck in his suspenders, came out of the hay. "Benny, by my bones!" barked Tauser. And Benny it was, going West with his dog and the covered wagon.

Runaway Benny had to make himself useful gathering firewood for the great fires around which, at night, the fleet of the wagons drew up and the emigrants and traders gathered for bacon and cornbread, singing to the fiddles and then getting an uneasy night's sleep. He had to bring heavy buckets of water and tend tired, cross babies, and watch for the fires on the hills that were the smoke signals of the Indians.

He and Tauser ran beside the droves of cattle going West with the wagon train, he gathered nuts and berries while they lasted, and then helped to shovel the first snow that delayed the wagons sorely. It was day after day of lonely travel; first among trees a hundred feet high, the sky to be seen only above the forest.

Then, when the hills and plains came, there was a view where the sight of a river was a line of light as well as of water. Presently the wagons had to be caulked and have huge logs tied to the wheels for fording the streams, and they saw many cow-men. Then came a wonderful day when the emigrant wagons from New England and the Conestogas from Pennsylvania camped beside a wide yellow river among the fertile plains of Missouri.

“Tauser,” said Benny, as the two slipped away from the village of wagons to go down for a look at the river, “you may see one of those new steamboats we’ve heard told about back East.” Then he grew pale, shouted back to the drivers, and wrung his hands at what he saw. There indeed was one of the fabled Mississippi steamboats, awkward funnels, big paddle wheel, clumsy decks with staterooms and all, but she had swerved perhaps in the current, or struck a great log which had made a hole in her side. She was aground and sinking there in the Father of Waters, within call of land.

Logs on wagon wheels were replaced as the camp awoke to action. Oxen were harnessed with the weary horses, whips cracked, wheels strained and creaked as the wagons rode out into the shallows of the river like lifeboats to the help of the sinking steamboat. The passengers were lifted off the slowly dropping decks; the cargo, where it was not too heavy, was transferred; and the wagons floated back to the friendly circle of their shore fires where there was food and dry clothing.

Benny and Tauser stood on the bank to watch. Suddenly the dog gave a quick bark, and swam out into the river toward what looked like a bundle of clothing fallen from the upper deck of the sinking steamboat. He gripped it in his mouth as Benny had taught him to grip a log thrown out into the mill stream at home. He swam steadily to the shore, holding the bundle well out of the water, and when some of the women and Benny met him, Tauser laid before them the small Clotilde.

She had lost her silk bonnet and her ermine muff. The net in which her curls had been held had loosened to release the cloud of her dark hair, its curls circling about the ivory oval of her little face. But when Tauser kissed her cheeks with his wet tongue and Benny chafed one white hand until its fingers closed and held his, Clotilde opened her frightened brown eyes. She looked at the great circle of the wagons.

"They said a covered wagon would be here to take me to my father at Washington," she said to the woman who held her close inside a gray wool shawl.

"I will take you back with me," Benny told Clotilde proudly. "My dog and I start East tomorrow."

So the wagons separated, the emigrants going on farther, beyond the Mississippi, until they reached the deserts and the mountains. Some built new homes, some found gold, and some stopped by the way, martyrs to the cause of the opening of the West. The Conestogas, their loads increased from the river boats and the rescued passengers, started back toward Pennsylvania, freighters of the new Republic, red, white and blue wagons whose wide wheel ruts cut a trail of national progress.

Beside the horses of the first wagon ran Tauser, looking up and barking from time to time to where, beside the driver, sat a boy and a girl. The little girl wore a home-knitted muffler wound carefully about the white stem of her neck. The boy carried a blacksnake whip, snapping it proudly above the steadily jogging train.

## The Ghost of Black Horse Inn



It seemed anything but that, the ghostly Black Horse, to Lucy, whose father and mother owned the inn and provided lodging and food for travelers and their horses of a hundred years ago. It stood in Salem, Massachusetts, on an old New England road.

The sun shining down on the barns, the pigeon house, the hen houses and piggeries, to say nothing of the great square dining room of the house itself with its huge fireplace and rows of shining pewter cups and plates, made it seem the most cheerful place in the world to Lucy.

Lucy Jencks was eleven years old, a clever little Yankee lass, who shelled peas and cut string beans and polished the pewter platters to help Perseverance Abbott who was the Black Horse kitchen maid.

Such rye and Indian bread as Perseverance could mix and bake to just the right toothsomeness! She and Lucy were as busy as bees in and about the winter and summer kitchens, the wash-room, the smoke house, the wood room, and the shed when the place was full of guests. Between times Lucy knit her own stockings and quilted. But sometimes she shivered when she thought of the ghost in the Indian Room.

Mother Jencks would give no attention to the tales of

the ghost, although everyone could recount the legends, and it was from this Indian specter that the Black Horse Inn had taken its name. When there were so many of the Jencks boys and girls that the house nearly overflowed with them on a crowded night, mother Jencks had decided to take the Indian Room, the haunted room, for her own.

A little open staircase in the corner of the great downstairs living room led up to the haunted chamber. There a vast four-poster bedstead with curtains, valance, and tester of white dimity, had been set up by brave mother Jencks. At night a low trundle bed, tucked away underneath the four-poster, was drawn out, and upon this slept Lucy and her three little sisters.

On an old high-backed settle slept the baby, Reuben, wrapped in soft quilts. Some bars at the front made this into a fine and safe bed for Reuben. It did seem as if no ghost would dare to come into so snug and crowded a chamber as this, and the Indian had not been seen for a long time, although some of the sea-captains stopping at the Black Horse for the night told of having met him on the road.

It was questioned, though, whether they had really seen him or had but fancied it. The Indians of that day were trying to dress like the village folk, but the ghost of the Black Horse, who was said to come to Lucy's and the other children's room, was a real, old-fashioned one.

He came, rattling his chains and hatchet, from the direction of the storeroom just back of the chamber.



This storeroom was a kind of loft, packed solidly with odds and ends; cast-off farm tools, broken furniture, boxes, barrels, every sort of old thing in a mixed-up mass, so that there was scant room for even Lucy to rummage. It would be a fine place for a ghost to hide.

The ghost was said, when he had been seen, to have been dressed in the trappings of a war chief—buckskin, turkey feathers, bears' teeth and plenty of paint. And it was said that this Indian ghost always pointed to some spot where, if one dug deep and hard enough, a chest of treasure would be found.

Those were strange old days. Some of the grown-ups were as prone to believe old stories like this as were the boys and girls. So visitors to the Black Horse, in spite of mother Jencks and her flock up there right under the nose of the ghost at night, believed in the Indian ghost and expected him whenever the stars were dimmed and a wild wind blew inland from the sea.

More than anyone did Lucy expect him. While her mother slept peacefully, Lucy would sit up in bed in her ruffled nightcap and peer toward the swinging door of the storeroom. Because she was looking for him, the Indian appeared to her one night.

There was a flutter of something colored at the door, then a long, shadow-like finger on the wall that seemed to lengthen and point outside toward a place in the garden which Lucy would always be able to remember. Of course, the fluttering color was the Indian ghost's blanket; the shadow on the wall his hand and arm.

Lucy was rigid with fear and, when her nightcap was rudely torn off her head, it was time to do something. She got out of bed, softly so as not to awaken the other children. She crept down the stairs and out into the soft spring night, the Indian's hand pointing the way to her until it led her to the roots of their favorite Sapson apple-tree, that tree of juicy apples that the children loved so to eat in a rich dumpling.

In the morning everyone laughed at Lucy.

"You had a dream and walked right out-of-doors in your sleep. It must have been because of that sausage you ate for supper," Perseverance told Lucy. "Your father had to bring you into the house again."

But, in spite of the fun Lucy caused, the neighbors began to believe that the Indian really had come again to the Black Horse; that he had told of his treasure hidden under the Sapson apple-tree; and that there would be no peace for the house or the village until the chest was dug for. So father Jencks dug deep into the ground at the roots of the apple tree.

They found not a thing.

Then he dug around the cedar tree that stood near, and it killed the tree. The neighbors helped him to clean out the well back of the orchard to see if this might be the spot the ghost had indicated, but found nothing.

Strange, and Lucy, who had begun to feel quite important on account of all the talk and excavating she had caused, began to think that she heard the ghost often at night after that. And she came to neglect her knitting

and her patchwork sewing in order to creep up to the Indian Room and listen for footsteps of ghostly moccasins.

There were sounds from the storeroom at night. Mother Jencks could hear them and after a while she and the children moved, four-poster, trundle bed and all, to another chamber which was smaller but quieter.

The sounds were like bones rattling. Everyone thought of the uneasiness of the Indian ghost, with his tribe and totem gone and his old customs and ways of living taken away from him by the white men. It was probably his skeleton rattling about up there in the storeroom of the Black Horse, they said.

New stories got about, having to do with rumors that the house had been built on the site of the Indian's former lodge and that this Indian, who had been a chief, had been forced to wander along the seacoast homeless until his ghost returned to father Jencks' tavern.

It was observed that fewer guests stopped now for lodging and food at the Black Horse Inn. Those who were brave enough to spend a night there told of having heard plainly that strange rattling in the loft room. If the wind were high, the sound of the rattling of the ghost's old bones could be heard downstairs by the circle of travelers who sat about the fireplace.

"Well, Lucy," Perseverance said one day, later in the year, "your father is giving up the Black Horse. He says he is going out to the West, going with a caravan that's starting this summer to take up land and dig for

gold. He says he doesn't believe there's any treasure in the world to be pointed out by any ghost. He's going to dig for his own treasure."

Lucy looked up from the pan of peas she was shelling. "It's a good deal my fault, Persy," she said, "because I dreamed about that Indian, and then I told things about him that I can't be sure were quite true. I'd like to make up for it somehow."

Perseverance, not so very much older than Lucy, looked up with an odd smile from the pie crust she was rolling out. She wiped her floury arms on a homespun towel. "Your mother wants we should clear out the loft room a bit so she can begin getting ready to pack for going West," she told Lucy. "It's a fine day to get at it, with the wind blowing fresh for taking away the dust. Let's you and me get at it!"

Lucy gasped. "Oh, my, Persy! I haven't been inside that storeroom since the night when I saw the Indian's blanket at the door. I wouldn't dare!"

"Well, you said you'd like to do something to make up for all the trouble you've made your pa and ma," Perseverance said. "If you don't dare, I do!" And she started toward the broom closet.

"Oh, wait, Persy," Lucy called. "I am sorry, and I will go up and help clean out the storeroom if you will stay with me all the time."

So the two girls crept up the stairs, through the Indian Room, and cautiously opened the door of the loft room that was so full of stored odds and ends that they could

hardly get in themselves. Mice scurried away at their approach. Spiders' webs hung like thick veils in front of their eyes. The loft part of the storeroom lay at the extreme back, and the two girls pushed their way over toward it where a short ladder led up into the loft.

There was a sudden gust of wind, a low rattling sound! It was the rattling that everyone knew must be that of the Indian's restless bones. Lucy screamed, but Perseverance went right on.

They climbed the ladder, Lucy trying to be brave, and they flung open the single dusty shutter that was the only way a ray of light could penetrate into the loft. It was a crowded, desolate place, but there, right in front of them, between empty kegs and firkins and handboxes, lay a long, narrow metal box. It was quite long enough to hold the ghost's bones and when the wind shook the chimney outside and the walls as well, the box moved and its contents rattled.

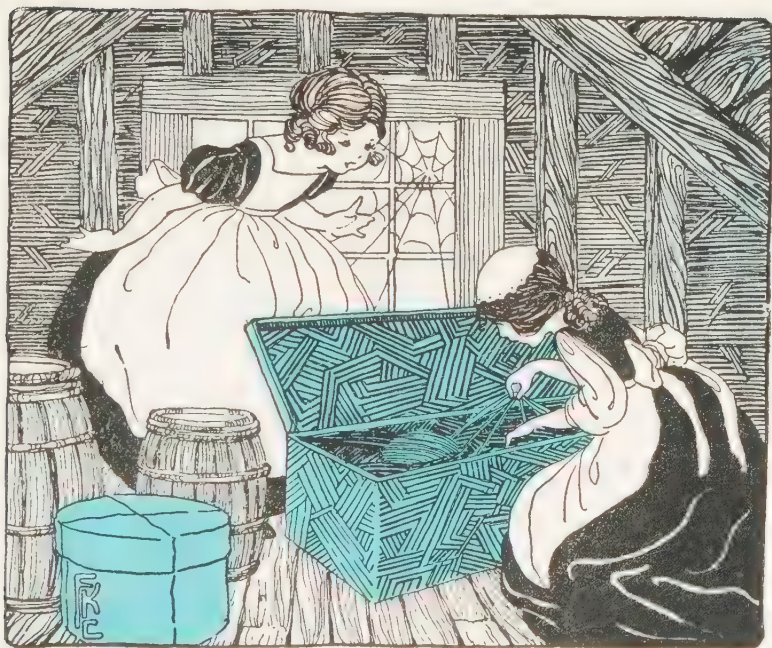
"Do we dare open it, Persy?" whispered Lucy.

"I dare, if you promise not to run away!" the brave Perseverance told her.

So they lifted down the mysterious box with its cloud of dust that almost blinded them. It was bound about with a worn rope, but they untied this with trembling fingers and lifted off the top, hoping that they would find it empty.

But no, there was no such good fortune for the ghost hunters as this. The opened box disclosed to them something wrapped in old linen bands and strips of flannel,





*When they touched it, a faint rattle was heard*

as an ancient mummy is wrapped. When they touched it, a faint rattle was heard. And the wrappings fell away as the girls poked them, to show a bare, shining scalp as if the poor Indian had, himself, been made to feel the tomahawk. There was not a hair left on the head.

Perseverance laughed. She chuckled and giggled until mother and father Jencks came running to see what was the joke, followed by all the little Jenckses.

"It's grandfather's wig block!" said father Jencks. "and here's his curling iron and his wire wig-springs. In the days before my time, grandfather used to curl the

wigs of the guests who stopped here at the Black Horse, and he made fine headdresses, too, if need be. I've heard that he curled the wigs of the officers after the Battle of Lexington. No wonder this sounded like a haunted tavern with the wind blowing this old wig block and the wires against each other!"

So that was the finish of the ghost. The Jencks family went West and did some really worth while digging in that new soil, and Lucy never forgot her courage in trying to discover the Indian in the loft room. Her dream, the fluttering of a bright Paisley shawl hung up on the door, the village stories that were told and retold until they seemed true, and the finding of the wig block that grandfather Jencks had so safely stored away, are all told in old papers that never found their way into the school history books, but which are history just the same.

For what is history for boys and girls but the courage to overcome and the pluck to face fear in order that the truth may triumph!

So, too, do the records of the old inns of New England make history, for homes were far apart at that period and the spirit of hospitality for which the Colonial inn stood had a great deal to do with the development of our country.

Travel was mainly a matter of riding horseback or taking long, slow trips by stage-coach. Fancy the comfort and delight to the tired schoolmaster, preacher, Colonial official, or the stranger within our borders, to see the light of a welcoming gate lantern marking the

road ahead of him to a warm, cheerful roadhouse. How good the roasting goose and the baking loaves must have smelled to hungry travelers.

There were children, often little girls like Lucy Jencks, who helped with the housework of the old taverns; making beds, scouring pewter, trimming lantern wicks, and waiting on tables, in starched calico and with smoothly braided locks and smiling faces. There were small boys who ran to meet the stage-coach, to hold the horses until they could be put into the big stable; to bring water from the yard pump and to pull down fodder for the famished beasts and then blanket them carefully for a cold night.

And who were the guests of these old inns; of these houses of welcome along New England roads that were at one time called Ordinaries, because they stood for shelter and food for anybody, day or night, summer or winter?

About Boston, the old inns were the original business exchanges. They were counting houses, exchange offices, shipping marts, reading rooms and banks. In the Salem Ordinaries there could be found groups of the "down-Easters," captains of the old sailing vessels and the swift clippers. Seated about a table loaded with meats and home-grown vegetables and corn bread and puddings, they were chalking down, on the spaces of the bare boards between the pewter platters, the prevailing prices of lumber, bark, tea and spices.

General Washington paid so many visits to the Colonial inns that his trips through the Colonies before and after the Revolution were marked by a series of sign-

boards swinging in front of old inn doors in his honor. Davy Crockett, stately Henry Clay, Taylor, Polk, and Harrison stopped at the inns of the old National road of the South. Daniel Webster, that giant among men, was the guest of honor in the inns of the North. John Adams tells us of the good folk who presided at the Ipswich Inn.

“Landlord and landlady are of the grandest people alive. The landlady is the great-granddaughter of Governor Endicott, and has all the notions of good family life that you find in the Winslows, the Quineys, Saltonstalls, Chandlers and Otises, or, as you might say with more propriety, in the Winthrops.

“As to the landlord, he has the manner and bearing of a nobleman of England; always calm, cheerful, good-natured. And the contemplation of his farm, his sons, his house, pastures, and cattle, his sound judgment as he thinks, and his great holiness as well as that of his wife, keep him as erect in his thoughts as a noble or a prince.”

Benjamin Franklin's home became an inn. What would boys and girls of today do without the tales Longfellow put into the setting of “The Wayside Inn?”

Part and substance of these historic Ordinaries, which represented the spirit of welcome without which no nation can become truly great, are the stories of the children whose willing service helped to keep their doors open, the lights in their windows beacons along the roads.

## The Boy Who Wanted An Adventure



*Found the footprints of bears*

The crackling of a frosted twig made the boy start. He had come to a lonely pass through the foothills of New Hampshire, and there was not another human being to be seen or heard anywhere about.

In the early morning of that day when he had started out from his father's tannery, the world had looked bright to Marshall. He had put on his buffalo-lined great-coat and strapped on his leather moccasins in high spirits, for he had made up his mind to try and find adventure.

This boy of the olden times of our country had a great desire to see the world, to visit foreign places, to discover what lay behind the great mountains of his state. And he was tired of being a tanner's apprentice.

Tanning leather for the few pairs of stout shoes which the boys and girls wore in those days, and for the stouter uses of harnesses, wasn't any too pleasant a job. Marshall's father was a tanner, and well skilled in the art of taking the tough skins of deer, cattle, sheep or goats and



softening them and treating them for months at a time in his various concoctions.

A tanner had the appearance of some genie from a fairy tale as he mixed his clay, oil, or clabber, and then brewed the stuff, and after that smoked out the skins. Nutgalls and leaves were beginning to be used, but New England was still far behind her mother countries across the sea in the method of tanning leather.

There were said to be almost magic methods by which a skin could be softened, and even dyed, until it became fit for the slipper of a princess, or the high, polished boot of a cavalier. But New England did not know how to do this fine tanning.

Marshall had an idea that he might get to Europe on this runaway trip of his. That had been his dream when he had started out, a bit of bread and cheese tied in a red handkerchief and slung over his shoulder on the end of a walking stick he had cut from a stout hazel tree.

But the truth of the matter was that Marshall felt just exactly as a great many boys of today feel. He was tired of hard work, and he wanted to have an adventure. He was only twelve years old, and he had worked at curing and tanning skins since he had been big enough to hold a paddle.

But he had forgotten to take a compass with him on this trip he was taking. Instead of being on his way east, toward the sea front, where he hoped to find a seacoast town and stow himself away in some clipper ship bound for foreign ports, Marshall was going straight west.

And he had come to mountain roads, leading him continually higher and farther into the wilderness. He had found the footprints of bears in the light snow of the trail and, worse yet, he had just found the fresh marks of moccasins, larger than his.

"There are Algonquins who still come down here to New Hampshire from Canada," Marshall told himself, "for hunting silver fox and bear and getting deerskins to sell in the Provinces. I am only one boy, alone, and if this is an Indian in the trail ahead of me, why I shall have no chance at all."

He had a desire to turn back, but he was a plucky lad. He thought of his hazel stick. Perhaps that would protect him against a marauding Algonquin. So Marshall pressed on, the trail becoming dimmer and more indistinguishable, because of the shadows of the mountains, at every step.

At last Marshall struck a light with the flint and tinder he had brought in his breeches' pocket, and lighted a pine knot for a torch. The flickering light showed him the prints of many moccasins in the wood just ahead of him.

And, to increase his terror, he could hear low moans, as of someone in great pain, where the pine trees ahead cut him off from the pass he was following.

"Two bands of Indian hunters, likely," the boy thought. "They have met and one of the bands has had a fight with the other to get the skins. And a wounded Indian hunter is left here to die, perhaps. But what can I do to

help him, and suppose the others hear me and take me prisoner?"

It was a hard situation for a boy. But Marshall had heard of the Good Samaritan in the home meeting-house ever since he could remember anything, and had looked at his picture in the big family Bible at home. Here, he knew, was his chance to be a Samaritan himself, although his teeth chattered with fear, and it took every ounce of courage he had to press on into the unexplored woods from which came that weak moaning.

On he went, the moaning coming closer all the time. A short way along the path, a turn into a sheltered grove of great pine trees, and Marshall came upon a bundle of clothes huddled on the ground that he thought might be a wounded Indian. The man wore fur moccasins, buckskin breeches, a duffle coat and a buffalo cloak with a hood over which was worn a cap of bearskin. Beside him lay a bundle wrapped in leather.

"Left by the wayside!" Marshall repeated to himself as he timidly poked the man, still cautiously looking from right to left to see if he were in danger from ambushed Indians. But the woods were still and cold, and the man suddenly sat up. Why, he was white and an old man, bent with his years of toil and the long journeys on foot that he had taken through New England. The first thing he did was to feel for his bundle, open it, and then exclaim because the tools inside it were safe.

"The rascal!" he said, trying to stand up. "He wanted my territory and, being young and spryer than I

am, he knocked me down and left me here. I had an idea he had stolen my tools but I gave him a blow before I fell that scared him off, I fancy."

"A Crispin!" Marshall exclaimed. "Our village has been waiting for you, Father Crispin, all this season. Not a boy or girl but needs shoes! Are you hurt?"

"Mainly hungry, lad," the Crispin said as he stumbled to his feet now, holding himself by the boy's shoulder and eating like a hungry dog the bread and cheese Marshall pressed upon him.

"Who knocked you down, Father?" he asked.

"A young whipper-snapper of a Crispin," said the old man, "who had a mind to lame me so I couldn't get to a village. He wanted my trade, but I'll show him there's life in my old bones yet." He counted over his tools.

Yes, they were all there; the large and small awls, the stout needles, the wax, the strong thread, the fat little hammers for pegging soles to uppers—all the kit of a Crispin, who was the only shoemaker of our long ago days, a faithful craftsman who traveled from one village to another making the families' footwear for the year.

Marshall knew the ways of the Crispins. Shoemaking at that time was looked upon as a very honorable craft, and there was great rivalry among the Crispins. They were boarded in one family at a time in the villages where they worked, having special pies and doughnuts, and puddings made with an extra amount of molasses in the Indian meal, provided for their enjoyment.

To have a Crispin at one's house for a week or two

meant that the father would have a stout pair of cow-hide boots, and the mother a pair of kid ones for wearing to the meeting-house on Sunday. There would be two pairs of calfskin shoes for the two girls, and two pairs of ingrain leather boots for the boys would be cut, stitched and pegged. The Crispin was always an honest, faithful worker; slow, but his footwear would last two years, with care.

But there was warfare among them on the trail. One Crispin meeting another thought it fair play to knock out his rival and take over that rival's village if he could reach it first.

"What are you doing here in this lonely spot?" the old man asked Marshall, after he had eaten and bound his tools to his back once more.

Hanging his head, Marshall told him. "I am running away, Father Crispin," he said.

"Haven't you a good home, lad?" the Crispin asked.

Marshall told him about the tanning business at which he was his father's apprentice. "But I want to see foreign parts," he went on, "I am tired of my trade."

"Well, that's a natural wish," the Crispin said, taking out his compass and starting, leaning on Marshall's stick, toward the boy's village. "I come from foreign places, and I can tell you that a boy who wants to travel will, when his good time comes. But you lead me to your home, and I will give your father the first chance at my shoemaking this season.

"And lad, if you will promise me to stick to your





*Crispin using his stick and leaning on the boy's shoulder*

apprenticeship at the leather business, I will tell you a secret. I know a little village in Russia where they have the secret for curing leather that a king would give his crown to learn. It is far away, but you can go there when you are a man, and I warrant you will be the first to learn the marvel of making Russia leather.

"As soft as a baby's cheek, it comes out, and the colors are those of the silks the Chinese dye. That leather can be used for belts and bags for fine ladies, and for traveling bags in place of the carpet bags we use here in New England. I am too old to take this trip to Russia, but I know the name of the village where the secret is held, and I am grateful to you for coming to my help."

Marshall was thrilled. Hungry, tired, cold, he lighted

a fresh pine knot and they pushed toward home, the Crispin using his stick and leaning on the boy's shoulder. They had to spend the night in a sheltered cave but, in front of a crackling fire, the boy forgot his weariness in the tales the Crispin told him and he promised solemnly not to leave his father or his work until he was old enough.

It might have gone hard with Marshall if he had come home from his trip alone—but bringing in a Crispin! Why, the whole village turned out to escort him and the shoemaker to the Marshall house and, in the excitement of finding a bench for the Crispin and setting him up in the corner of the big kitchen, nobody scolded Marshall.

Soon there came the smell of the Crispin's fresh-cut leather uppers and the cheerful tap-tap-tap of his hammer pegging on the thick soles. During the noon hour the village children came to peer in at the kitchen window and the door, to have a word with Crispin, or to look enviously at the shoes standing proudly on his bench.

Such heels and soles and uppers had never been seen in the village before. But Marshall was not there. No, indeed; he and Father Crispin had a secret. Marshall was busy at the tanning vats, but when he was old enough, when he had served his apprenticeship at his trade, he was going on a trip to foreign parts. Until then, he would keep the Crispin's secret!

It doesn't always happen that one's dreams come true. But one way of helping along a dream is to keep it in the back of one's mind while doing one's daily work;

never forgetting it, but just letting the dream grow and ripen like a sweet apple in the sunshine of an orchard.

That was what Marshall Jewell did. He was a tanner's apprentice, learning all he could about leather in old New England. Then he and his father carried on a fine business in Hartford, making leather belting for the new machinery being used for manufacturing all sorts of clothing and tools. Presently, his dream came true.

Hartford, the capital city of Connecticut at this time, the early part of the nineteenth century, was a place of diligence and busy manufacturing. Yankee inventions were being found valuable all over our country and Connecticut was a center for the making of those important small things which every home needed.

Carpets and the thread for sewing them and the tacks for laying them, horseshoes, clocks, linen twine for fish nets, bells, locks, pins, needles, even bicycles—all these industries centered in and around Hartford. Each needed its own kind of machine and when Pliny Jewell and his sons, foremost among which was Marshall, came to Hartford they brought with them a useful idea; that of making heavy leather belting, by means of which the wheels of Connecticut's humming machinery could be run instead of by the former and very clumsy method of gearing that had been in use.

They prospered, being third among the tanners in America, and they found themselves educating, not only American manufacturers in the use of leather belting, but European firms as well. Marshall Jewell became a

most respected member of the commonwealth. He was elected governor of Connecticut three times.

For many years, but particularly since the independence of the states had been established, we had found that it was a good thing to send men we could trust as ministers to foreign countries. They were something like our nation's interpreters, helping the kings and queens of the old world kingdoms to understand our new language of freedom.

Shipping, cotton, tea, laws—even Connecticut nutmegs, pins and tacks—had to be explained to England, France, Russia and Spain. Benjamin Franklin was one of our first foreign ministers. Marshall Jewell, the boy from the New Hampshire tannery, was a later one. He was sent to Russia to represent our country. His dream of an adventure thus came true.

With the memory of the Crispin's secret, he learned and brought back to our country the method of making Russia leather which has been such a service to us.

It was a simple process, like all great inventions. The leather was steeped in a mixture prepared from oak and hemlock bark, sumach, willow bark and water. In this the leather was boiled and saturated until it was as soft as the moss of the woods and the color of the bark of the forest. Then it was removed from the mixture and smeared with a solution of birch bark and oil.

But it made more beautiful and more useful leather than we had ever been able to tan; more pliable and fitted for many more objects. And it was worth waiting for.

## The Leather Stocking Boy

His name was Jimmy Cooper, and he lived in the big Fenimore house in the village of Otsego. There was a large family of the Cooper boys and girls. The stone house was built with wings at either end to hold them, together with the workers who took care of the wide acres of Mr. Cooper's farm.

But the house did not see Jimmy very much except when he was hungry, or when night settled down on Cherry Valley and the forest on top of Apple Hill, which overlooked the lake, seemed peopled in the dark with the ghosts of the Indians who used to trail there.

Jimmy had a pair of leather stockings; smaller, but just as useful for tramping and exploring the country 'round about the village as those of his friend and guide, Mr. Shipman. Wearing his stout leggins, the older scout, "Shipman," fished and hunted in the vicinity, always ready to provide a mess of fresh bass or salmon trout or a venison steak for a hunt supper in the village. Whenever he had the chance Jimmy Cooper, his fish rod and his musket with him, went too.

Any boy would have been thrilled by the country there in central New York State, on Lake Otsego and along the shores of the Susquehanna River in the year 1801.

Jimmy knew a rock near the outlet of the lake, and could paddle out to it easily, that had been a rendezvous



for savages not so many years before; painted, cruel red men who came down from the surrounding mountains to trade furs with the few white men of the region and were as ready to kill them as to make a bargain.

Standing straight as an arrow on this rock, the boy could see the road from the south along which his father and mother had journeyed to the village from Philadelphia in a chaise as early settlers, arriving on the shore in a canoe, the chaise left in the forest until a flatboat later ferried it over to their first log dwelling.

He could see the stump of what all of Otsego knew as the Bridge Tree on the shore, a huge pine tree that the oldest inhabitant had cut down and used for a bridge across the stream which gave outlet to the lake. It was hazardous crossing a river on a log.

Jimmy Cooper was proud of his father whenever he looked at the Bridge Tree; at the safe little village nestling among the hills where Indians had burned and scalped and plundered so recently; at the turnpike road which led to the Mohawk Valley and as far as Albany by means of a big coach and four horses; at the flatboat which ran across the lake, called, in friendly fun, the "Ship Jay" and commanded by old "Admiral Hearsay;" and at the old iron swivel which stood on the village green.

General Washington had made a visit to Otsego, and the swivel, which Jimmy himself and some of the other boys had found in the Cooper cellar, had been left there during the Revolutionary war. It was now a peaceful

bit of artillery, fired only on Independence Day, but a village relic of which to be proud.

Last of all, if we can, picture the leather stocking lad of twelve returning home with the scout, Mr. Shipman, from a fishing trip. He would feel the hidden stories and the wild dangers which the surrounding country held in the hearts of its great and ancient trees.

There was a rise of ground opposite the village called The Vision.

"Those black hills," old Leather Stocking would tell young Leather Stocking, "are a thousand feet above the lake. And the lake has deep spots that nobody has

ever been able to sound. But I know of places in it where a ship of good size could float herself, her yards in the forests, since it's deep so close to the shore. There's plenty of fish beside the trout and the bass, too, Jimmy; eels and pickerel and catfish. There are bears yet on Apple Hill!"

Listening to the tales, which were as true as they were thrilling, Jimmy shivered with the crackling of a twig. A falling red leaf was, for the moment, the disappearing feather of the last of the Mohican Indians driven from Lake Otsego by the coming of the white man's canoe. If



*Standing straight as an arrow*

they had not just then reached the edges of the village and seen the lamps from parlor windows spreading a comforting path of brightness along the elm-lined lanes, Jimmy might have been truly scared.

He bade the scout good-bye and went on by himself. He stopped a moment to peer in through the windows of Mr. Phinney's printing shop to watch him running the hand press, his apron stiff with ink and a quill pen stuck over one ear.

All the village took pride in Mr. Phinney's printing establishment. He had help in the daytime, and used many reams of paper every year in printing Bibles and almanacs, but he worked alone evenings in his shop. Otherwise, he never would have been able to accomplish all he did.

It was said that Mr. Phinney had set himself a quota of eight thousand Bibles and two hundred thousand almanacs to be printed every year. He was also printing Mr. Webster's spelling book and some toy-books for the children. Picture books for boys and girls! Jimmy felt excited as he thought of this. He had another thought, too.

"It would be fine to be able to write a book," he said to himself, "a book that could be printed and"—here the leather stocking boy's fancy quite ran away with him—"that could be sent across the ocean to London and sold there on the bookstalls!"

Jimmy had heard all about England, because his great-grandfather had come to America from Stratford-on-

Avon, Mr. Will Shakespeare's town. But the thought of an American book going back to England—that *was* a dream. The boy hurried on.

He was just about to turn in at the wide front door of the Coopers' house when he was startled into attention. The lamplight streaming through the fan-shaped window above the door showed him a strange figure half hiding in the shadows of the porch.

The man had a scarlet handkerchief tied **about** his head instead of a cap, and he was dressed in a sailor's jacket and breeches with neither neck cloth nor stockings. He carried a dirk at his side, but when the door was opened he seemed a well-spoken, well-meaning stranger. As Jimmy slipped in through the door behind him, and listened to the talk the sailor had with his father in the library, he had a feeling that he was living a sea story come true.

"Escaped the block only by the death of Robespierre in France," the sailor explained. "Speak six living languages and have sailed every sea that knows the ships of France. Free-booter, trader, pirate when need be. Name? Esaias Hausman. Business?" Here the sailor pulled from his pocket a bag whose stout string he untied emptying its contents in a clinking, golden pile on Mr. Cooper's desk. Gold coins! Solid, yellow gold! Jimmy's eyes nearly closed with their dazzling splendor.

"I want to settle down," Esaias Hausman, citizen of the world, told Jimmy's father. "I have walked barefooted, stopping the night, when I could, in a barn or

sleeping in the forest, all the way here from Boston. I like this country and I'm told that you have more land than you need. Sell me a little land close to the lake. I want to build myself a cabin and settle down here. I can pay you in gold whatever it's worth."

So Esaias Hausman came to Otsego to live, took up land, and built a comfortable enough frame house on a meadow of Mr. Cooper's land. Jimmy found his cup of adventure full with this retired pirate so near, always ready to tell him stories of the sea, of good fights, and of the blood-filled streets of Paris during the reign of terror in the French Revolution.

In return, the Leather Stocking boy led Hausman along the lake and river trails outside of the village, and showed him the hatchet marks of the Indians on the old trees. He sat with him beside camp fires, over which they broiled the fish they had caught, as they listened for wild-cat calls from the mountains above.

There was a strange thing about this man, though, who had been almost everything a boy is interested in, from a wanderer to a spy, from a common seaman to a pirate.

Sometimes, when Jimmy went down to his house on the shore, it would be empty. For days there would be no one in Esaias Hausman's shack save the squirrels or a caucus of noisy crows gathered on the empty threshold. He was overpowered by the spirit of the hills, and wandered as far as The Vision beyond the water, where he seemed to have fellowship with wild animals or the spirits of the Indians, Hawk-Eye and Chingachgook.





*Emptying its contents in a clinking, golden pile*

Or he followed the trails of the deer slayers and pathfinders of the days before there was a village on the shore of Lake Otsego. Then he would return, a better pal than before, the Leather Stocking boy thought, for this time spent with the ghosts of the first Americans.

Jimmy Cooper did not stay twelve years old. He grew up fast, and the little village of Otsego grew also, becoming Cooperstown. The boy was now James Fenimore Cooper, who went to Albany to school and later to Yale

College, but left because he wanted more than anything else to go to sea. He shipped as a common sailor and lived over again some of the adventures of his friend Esaias Hausman. And very soon after that, indeed while this James Fenimore Cooper was still a very young man, something unexpected happened in London.

London loved books. Along its lanes and streets there stood many small wooden stalls upon which were displayed old and new books, serious and gay ones, books of stories and books of travel and history. There were many small bookshops, their shelves lined with books, and suddenly upon the London bookstalls and upon the shelves of the shops there appeared a new book in a binding of yellow leather.

It was a kind of book which England had never read before and at once everybody was reading it; at first with amusement. "Fancy an American being able to write a book!" they said. And then they read this book, which was named *The Spy*, with great interest. "It is an American book!" England said. "It is full of the spirit of the new world. This James Fenimore Cooper knows the woods and Indians, scouts, spies, and courage."

Following this book, *The Spy*, came another as thrilling. While *The Spy* had helped boys and girls of England to feel the spirit of the American Revolution, the next of the *Leather Stocking Tales*, as James Fenimore Cooper called his books in their yellow leather covers, *The Pioneer*, was about the dangers and adventure of settling in a new country.

The Pilot, which followed The Pioneer, had the spirit of the sea in it, as the boy, Jimmy Cooper, had learned it first from the village pirate and then from his own experience behind the yards. Then Deerslayer came, the story of the old Otsego scout, Mr. Shipman, who had taught Jimmy to fish and shoot. The Last of the Mohicans, which soon found its way to hundreds of libraries in Europe, held between its covers the good and bad Indians who had peopled the woods and hills.

History is told in many ways. It happened that, just at this time, when we were at peace comparatively, settled in homes and manufacturing tools and raising food enough so that there was little to worry about in America, some boys and girls were born who loved their country so much that they wanted to put her story between book covers. Mr. Phinney of Cooperstown and many other early printers were ready to make books. These boys and girls wanted to tell other lands through American-written story books what a great land it is.



*James Fenimore Cooper*

There was a boy born of sea-faring men, Nathaniel Hawthorne of Salem, Massachusetts, who had a great wish, as had Jimmy Cooper, to write a book that would be read in England. The children to-day can find no books more interesting than Hawthorne's *Wonder Book* and the *Marble Faun*, his *Mosses from an Old Manse* and *The Snow Image*. Most of all, Mr. Hawthorne wanted to make an American mountain live in a story, and you know how he did this in his story of *The Great Stone Face*.

A Massachusetts boy, John Whittier, was pegging shoes to earn money for his schooling, and when he learned how to read and write he gave the world across the ocean *Snowbound*, that it might visit a real New England farmhouse in the winter time. He showed them a real American boy when he wrote the *Barefoot Boy*.

Louisa Alcott lived and played and worked with her loved family at Concord, and then wrote *Little Women* about an American home.

Mr. Longfellow decided that the childhood of an American Indian would make a beautiful story-poem, so he wrote *Hiawatha*, and he gave the world American history in a most interesting way in *The Courtship of Miles Standish* and the *Tales of a Wayside Inn*.

James Russell Lowell, when he was only seven years old, began to watch our birds and flowers, feeling, we must be sure, the beauties of America out-of-doors which he wrote in his poems later.

Mr. Thoreau, living like a hermit among New England

woods and streams, made even the forest paths speak to us in a beautiful language.

Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote the story of Uncle Tom's Cabin.

But there was not a single boy or girl of these who put quite the spirit of American adventure into an American book at this time that the Leather Stocking boy, Jimmy Cooper, did. Sailors, scouts, Indian chiefs, spies, Long Tom Coffin, Harvey Birch—all the glorious company of a boy's trail through the early days of our country—live in the Leather Stocking Tales, which do more than write the spirit of our early literature. They inspire us of to-day to try to make history ourselves through imitating our ancestors' courage and daring.



## Boy Life In A Massachusetts Town

When I was between the ages of nine and fourteen my parents, who then lived in a distant town, very wisely permitted me to spend most of the schoolless part of these five years with a large family on a farm in Ashfield in Massachusetts. Although this joyous period ended in 1860, the life, industries and dress were very old-fashioned for that date and were proudly kept so.

It was the best environment for a boy ever realized in history.

I begin with winter, when men's industries were largely in wood. Trees were chopped down and cut by two men working with a cross-cut saw. Sometimes the fallen trees were cut into logs, snaked together and piled, with the aid of cant-hooks, to be drawn across the frozen pond to the sawmill for some contemplated building; or, if of spruce, of straight grain and few knots, they were cut into cross-sections fifteen inches long, which was the legal length for shingles.

These split logs were taken home in a pung, split with a beetle and wedge and then finished off on a shaving-horse, itself home-made. The shavings were in prime demand for kindling fires.

Ax-helves, too, were sawed, split, hewn, whittled and scraped into shape with bits of broken glass. Butter-

paddles were commonly made of red cherry, while sugar lap-paddles were made by merely barking whistle-wood or bass, and whittling down one end for a handle.

There were salt mortars and pig-troughs made from solid logs, with tools hardly more effective than those the Indian used for his dugout. Flails for next year's threshing; cheese-hoops and cheese-ladders; bread-troughs and yokes for hogs and sheep; pokes for jumping cattle, horses and unruly geese; and stanchions for cows.

Some took this season for cutting next year's bean and hop poles, pea bush, and sled stakes, with an eye always out for a straight clean whipstock or fishing pole. Repairs were made during this season and we made a new cat-hole once, beside the door, with a drop-lid which the cat operated with ease. New handles for shovels, pitchforks, spades, hoes and rakes were made in the winter. Scythes and brooms were homemade.

Nearly all these forms of domestic wood work I saw and even helped with, or imitated them in play as a boy of ten might. I even became an expert, as compared



*Trees were chopped down*

with other boys, in making elderwood pop-guns, hemlock bows and arrows; or cross-bows with arrow-heads run on with melted lead, for which every scrap of lead pipe or antique pewter dish was in great demand.

We boys made weather vanes in the form of fish, roosters, or even ships; and an actual sawmill that turned in the brook. How much this has served me in later life it would be hard to estimate.

The home industry in woolens was an important one. Sheep, as I remember, could thrive on the poorest hay or oats; the leavings of the neat cattle. In summer they could eat brakes, if not even hardhack and tansy, and they would browse down berry briars and underbrush while their teeth cut the grass so close that cows could hardly survive in the same pasture with them.

The spring lambs were raised in the shed, by hand; sometimes by the children, who earned their first spending money that way. Sheep washing was a gala day and shearing, which came a week later, was hardly less interesting.

A good shearer, who had done his twenty-five head a day, earned good wages—seventy-five cents or a dollar a day.

Fleeces for home use were looked over, all burrs picked out, and they were then oiled with poor lard. "Bees" were often held to do this. There were carders in every town, but the implements were in each family; some members of which could not only card, but could even use the fine, long-toothed worsted combs in an emergency.

The rolls were spun at home; the children doing the woof or filling, and the older girls the warp, which must be better. The yarn, doubled if for stockings, after being washed clean, next went to the great dye-tub in the chimney corner. Butternut bark for every-day suits, indigo for Sunday suits, and madder for shirting was the rule. There was also fancy dyeing, braiding and binding tightly or twisting in white thread to get a pepper-and-salt effect for loom patterns in girls' dresses.

Next, the filling was quilled for the shuttle and the warp spooled for the warping bars, both of these often



*Knitting was easy, pretty  
visiting work*

homemade. Sometimes blue-and-white frock cloth was woven, sometimes kerseys and plaid dress patterns of many colors, or woolen sheets and even woolen pillow-cases.

Knitting was easy, pretty visiting work. Girls earned from two to three York shillings a pair for men's socks, paid in trade from the village store which gave out knitting if desired. Shag mittens were knit from left-over ends of warp. Scarfs were done with large wooden needles, and men's gloves, tidies, and clocked stockings with ornamental open-work in the sides, were knit with

one hook. This work kept the girls busy evenings.

The children, when they were young, were left very much to themselves and they were at home in every house, barn, or shed, within a mile or more.

There was, of course, coasting, skating, swimming, fox-and-hounds, with snowballing and choosing of sides and elaborate forts that lasted for a whole school term. In the family as we gathered about the stove, or sometimes about the grand old fireplace in the back kitchen, with its back-log, crane, pothooks and trammels, we told stories of the old fort, of bears, wild cats, Indians and Bloody Brook.

Some of us could sing old English ballads that had come down in our families and which had never been in print in America. Lord Love, Irving, Bunyon and The Youths' Companion were read aloud.

A pair of skates was earned by a boy friend one winter, by reading the entire Bible through, and another bought himself an accordion with money he earned by braiding the plain sides of palm-leaf hats, where no splicing was needed, at a cent per side.

All families allowed the game of fox and geese; a few permitted checkers. There were beech and chestnutting parties, barn raisings, and days set apart for all the men in the district being warned out by the surveyor to gather and work on the roads with teams.

There were huskings, with cider and pumpkin pie, and games on the barn floor when it was cleared of corn; apple-paring bees, with bobbing, swinging a whole par-



*Some of us could sing old English ballads*

ing three times around our heads to fall on the floor in the initial of some friend's name. Here the apples were quartered and strung and hung in festoons to dry, all over the kitchen.

There were the quilting bees for the girls about to marry, and spelling matches in which the parents took part. When we finished with the school speller, we tried to spell each other down with a dictionary. We had singing school once a week in winter, and several of us taught ourselves to play the accordion and fiddle, and dance the new steps of the waltz, polka and schottish.

I must not forget our eagerness for trapping and hunting, by means of which we learned much about the habits of crows, hawks, muskrats, woodchucks and even



foxes, and which took us over great spaces of the country.

A boy of my age was not allowed to take part in a regular squirrel hunt, when one had a dinner afterward and there was a prize for the hunter who could count the most tails, but we boys made collections. For whole seasons we gathered heads, legs, wings, and tails, as well as different kinds of woods, leaves, flowers, stones, bugs, and butterflies.

We liked to listen to the talk of the old "uncles" of the village, men who had few words, but were sharp and shrewd. Outside the general store, sitting on tool bench, wagon seat, chopping block or hog spout, they discussed crops, how to find a spring with a witch-hazel rod, the taxes, the preaching, and who would be the next constable. They were heroes, in a sense, having had their share in local events, but in weather signs and in old herbs and their uses the Indian knew more than the white man.

The kitchen hearth and fireplace of these old times was the center of the family. On the swinging crane, hung from pothooks, chains and trammels, were all sorts of iron pots and brass kettles in front of a back log so big and long that it often had to be "snaked" in by a horse.

Below, attached to the upright part of the andirons, was the turnspit-dog, revolved by hand, for fancy roasts. There were roasters and dripping pans, the three-legged spider in which bread was baked, first on the bottom and then tipped up to the coals. Here rye used to be roasted

for coffee, which was later boiled in water and maple molasses.

On the shelf above the fire stood the foot stove; a horn of long and another of short paper lamplighters; a sausage stuffer; tin lantern; flat irons; tinder-box; tankard; and coffee pots. High above all of these, perhaps on a beam, was a bayoneted flint gun or two with belt, bayonet sheath, brush and primer. Overhead, on a pole, hung always a hat or cap on the end and perhaps a haunch of dried beef and a ham.

Pumpkins were here, cut into long ringlets and dried; bundles of red peppers; braided seed corn and dried apples, the latter perhaps half covering the roof and south sides of the house. About the fireplace stood or hung the bed-warmer, the tongs, a dipper made of a hollow gourd, candle-holders with long, thin reflectors, bellows, pewter porringers, a tin baker and steamer, and a toasting iron.

Near by stood the cupboard displaying the best blue china and the rest of the pewter polished until it shone by scouring with wood ashes. And we boys tried to have a Jack-O-Lantern in the kitchen in November, with an expression, when it was lighted in the dark, as hideous as that of the head of an Indian Totem pole.

The grandmother was both nurse and doctor, and we children had to gather for her, each year, a supply of herbs. Chief among these were pennyroyal, tansy, spear-mint, peppermint, catnip, thoroughwort, motherwort, burdock, dogweed, arnica, lobelia, larkspur, foxglove,

fennel, sorrel, rue, saffron, flag, anise, witch-hazel and bloodroot. These plants and many more, each with its healing power, hung in rows of dried bunches in the attic, and all grew in Ashfield.

The old attic was a place of delight for children. Its floor might be covered a foot deep with corn on the ear, to be shelled winter evenings by scraping across the back of a knife driven in a board. The cobs were fed out to stock, or used for baking and smoking fires.

In the attic were tins and boxes, and barrels of rye and barley and, later, oats, wheat and buckwheat. In one corner there might be a tub of frozen cider apple sauce, an old hat and wig block, a few woodchucks' skins to be made into whip-lashes, a coon-skin for a cap. So, too, the farm cellar, shed, hog-house, barn, sheep and horse barn, sugar house, and corn-house, were stored with interesting objects for boys.

Such week's baking as the girls learned to help with! First, the rye and Indian bread was made up in a bread trough, put on the broad, meal-sprinkled peel, with hands dipped in water to avoid sticking, and then cleverly thrown in haycock and windrow shapes, perhaps on cabbage leaves, onto the bottom of the great brick oven.

When the bread was done the oven was still so hot that the pies could be baked and, last of all, a bushel of apples was put in and the Saturday's baking was done. Many could then tell of the time when, with pudding or mashed potatoes for a meal, no table was set, but each took a bowl of milk and helped himself from the kettle

on the hearth. Or the family gathered about a well-scoured table, with no individual plates or butter knives, or waiting on each other; but each took a slice of bread and helped himself from the meat dish, or dipped the brown bread into the pork fat with forks.

Wooden, pewter, then earthen plates, was the order. So, in the dairy, milk used to be set in wooden trays, then in thick, brown earthen bowls, before we had the milk-pans of today. A clam shell was our first cream skimmer. Then followed a rough wooden skimmer. Churning was done with a bowl and paddle, but at this time we had the dasher churn. Wooden stamps made such designs as an ear of corn or a flower on a pat of butter.

All these home objects had stories, and grew from one simple form to something higher. The corn-sheller, the hen-coop, the plough, the modern sweeper, started from something made by hand. The first broom started as a bush and a bundle of twigs, or it was simply a birchen bough, its fibers stripped both up and down.

We had many great days. There was the thrilling geese-picking, held twice a year; with the big apron, the big, vase-shaped goose basket, and the baby's stocking drawn over the goose's head to keep it from biting.

There was the cheese-making, when the milk from three farms was gathered in a big tub, coagulated with a calf's rennet; broken up into curds and whey with our fingers, scalded, chopped and salted, perhaps seasoned with sage; hooped; pared of those delicious curds; and daily greased all summer.

There was the high festivity of road-breaking in the winter, when all the men and oxen in the neighborhood, often twenty yoke of oxen in one team, turned out after a long snow to cut the roads through to the store, the doctor, the postoffice, the church, and the school.

Steers were sometimes broken in then, sandwiched between the yokes of old cattle, often up to their backs in a drift and waiting, frightened and with lolling tongues, to be shoveled out.

We had a chance to watch and learn trades when the open weather came. Within a boy's range were our cooper's shop; a gunsmith; a family who made baskets; turning shops where wooden spoons, bowls, pen handles and broom handles were made; a general tinker and solderer; besides carpenters, blacksmiths, and shoe and harness makers. Thus, in fine, there were many grades of progress and versatility.

We farm children were, in a sense, members of the firm. Some such training the heroes of '76 had. Such a people, digging stumps and stones, laying hundreds of miles of heavy stone wall and clearing timber, cannot be conquered.

## When the Gingerbread Man Went to School

Little Harriet Beecher, in the end of the family pew in the white meeting house of Litchfield, felt that everyone there must know what had happened. Dinah Atwell, the village "witch," an unfortunate creature whom kind Miss Pierce took care of, sat at the foot of the pulpit steps and, from time to time, pointed one long finger in warning at Harriet.

The boys—mischievous Charlie, Edward who could scarcely be separated from his loved flute long enough to be led to church, Frederick and Henry Ward—were there in the Beecher pew with Harriet and their dear elder sister, Catherine, and they surmised that something had happened to make Dinah single out their little Harriet for her Sunday attentions.

Every Sunday Dinah, a menacing figure with her wrinkles, her grey hair, and her unkempt garments, sat at the foot of their father's pulpit steps as a kind of self-appointed titling-mistress to see that all the children in church were as quiet as so many mice.

But the small Beecher boys and girls did not need to be told to sit still and listen while their dear father preached. Was he not also their best companion, since they had lost their mother when Harriet was only four years old, taking the boys for fishing trips and on nutting expeditions, planning picnics to the nearby hills and



woods for finding the first wild flowers, and making even the home woodpile a place of magic?

When wood had to be chopped at the Beechers', the chips flew like magic, for the boys had a contest to see if they could beat their father in chopping and splitting. Harriet put on one of her brother's small black jackets and chopped wood, too, pretending that she was a boy. And the day when her father had emptied all the home baskets, the stocking basket, the patch, the linen, the yarn, and the thread basket (to the distraction of their housekeeper) for a nutting expedition, Harriet had helped him fill the largest of all with butternuts for molasses taffy.

No, it could not be for any lack of attention to the sermon good Dr. Beecher was delivering, that Harriet was singled out by the tithing-mistress' long, pointed finger.

Harriet let her gaze wander to the pews occupied by the more grown-up girls in Miss Pierce's pews. Miss Pierce kept the Litchfield boarding school for girls; in such good standing and repute throughout the country that girls came by stagecoach, by covered wagon, even on horseback over a hundred miles, from as far north as Vermont, to attend it.

These girls wore their Sunday frocks of ruffled muslin, vari-colored silk capes and flowered chip hats, at which plain, rosy-checked Harriet could not help looking enviously.

They were boarded about through the village. There were some of Miss Pierce's girls who lived in the Beecher



*Pointed one long finger in warning*

house, for the salary of a Connecticut preacher at this time, the year 1820, was hardly enough to pay for the food of eight hearty, hungry country children such as the little Beechers. Louisa, one of Miss Pierce's teen-age girls, lived at Harriet's house. And as she saw Louisa's downcast eyes, hardly raised above the opened pages of her psalter, Harriet began to realize what had happened.

Catherine Beecher was a wonderful cook, although she was still only a girl. She could make gingerbread men, so crisp and toothsome that the younger children could hardly wait for them to be cool enough to eat; and so

realistic with their raisin eyes and buttons, their citron neckties and dough caps, that the children were, in spite of their appetites, loath to eat them.

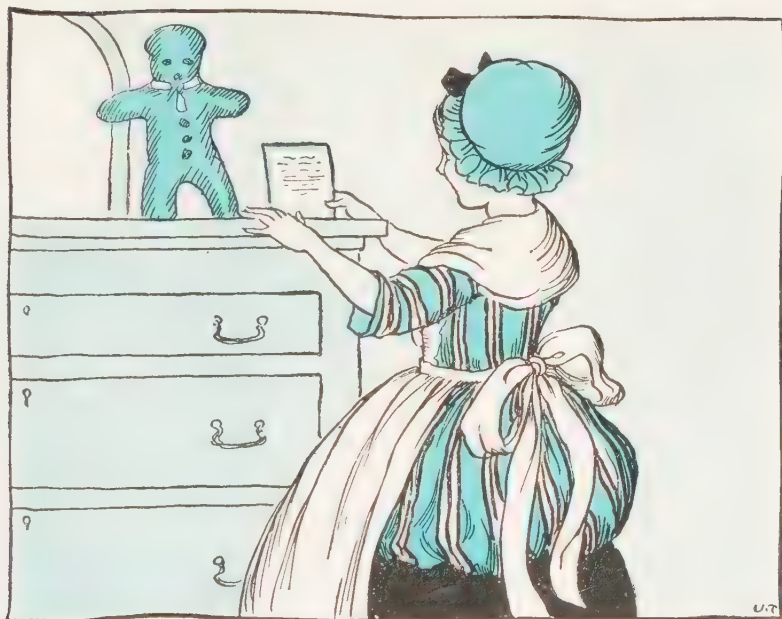
Yesterday, at the end of the family baking, Catherine had made a particularly large gingerbread man for Louisa. And not only had she set him in all his splendor on the mahogany bureau in Louisa's room at the Beecher home, but she had written a poem about him and placed it, neatly copied on ruled foolscap, beside the gingerbread man. It read this wise:

On a Little Gingerbread Man

A happy school year to Louisa, my dear,  
And many a blessing her heart to cheer.  
As I very well know you have a live beau,  
I send you one that's made of dough.  
You'll like him much, as Bill says "by thunder!"  
For such a fine fellow is really a wonder.  
He's a miracle, Louisa, without any doubt,  
And when his fine qualities you shall find out,  
Soon as modesty sweet will allow you to meet him,  
You'll love him so dearly I fear you will eat him.

Louisa, who had boarded with the Beechers the year before, had been delighted with the gingerbread man who brought good wishes to her at the beginning of the school year. But suppose that she had left his crumbs, or his poem, at school during the Saturday evening study hour when the girls were supposed to prepare themselves for Sunday!

If this had happened, no wonder Dinah Atkins was



*She had written a poem about him*

pointing an accusing finger at Harriet Beecher. No one would ever think that quiet, motherly Catherine had written that poem. It was more like nine-year-old Harriet.

Miss Pierce's girls were not allowed to go to the evening parties her school gave, and to which the boys from the Litchfield Academy were invited, until they were sixteen years old. Louisa was fifteen, but Harriet knew that the Academy boys smiled on winsome Louisa and carried her school bags from the Beecher gate to Miss Pierce's dooryard in the morning.

Louisa, in her white fur cap and tippet, her black velvet jacket and bright plaid skirt, was a familiar picture skating in the winter with a gallant Academy boy to teach her how to cut figures on the ice.

Gay, merry Louisa, never too busy to roll white cotton cloth into the most attractive little rag dolls with flannel shawls and yarn hair, for Harriet, and she was spilling tears upon her hymn book now! It couldn't be allowed. Harriet sat up straight and looked in a determined way at Dinah Atkins.

"It isn't necessary for you to point me out in meeting," she seemed to say. "I'll carry other people's troubles if it's necessary."

There was an hour between meeting and dinner time and, instead of going home to sit and read the Bible in the parlor as the pleasant odor of the Sunday roast and vegetables came across the threshold of the kitchen to the children, Harriet started resolutely in the opposite direction.

She was proud of the beautiful village of Litchfield where she had been born, set like a white pearl in a circle of emerald hills. It was early September, and the gardens in front of the dignified white houses on either side of the main street still flaunted colors like those of a Persian carpet in their gardens.

They called the gardens dooryards, and the white front doors with polished brass knockers and fan-lights at the top opened right onto the pebbled paths between the beds of carefully tended flowers. Great flaming scar

let peonies, stalks of crimson salvia, the zinnias of so many different colors, generous bunches of orange lilies with their faint, sweet perfume, all these caught the eyes of the hurrying little girl but she did not stop.

On she hastened along the grassy street with its overhanging, long-branching trees that formed a green roof for sheltering many song-birds in the summer; robin, oriole and bobolink. On she went, as far as the end of the street, where a large white house stood facing a different kind of dooryard. This was Miss Pierce's school, the most famous pioneer school for girls of our early history.

Miss Pierce's pupils themselves had planted and tended the garden. Part of the teaching of the school, an innovation in those days, was study out-of-doors. Dressed in sensible boots and wool skirts, Miss Pierce's girls walked for miles in all sorts of weather and they brought back roots and seeds, clippings and shoots for transplanting in a garden of wild bloom such as had never before graced an American school.

Standing, trembling a little, at the gate, Harriet Beecher saw Solomon's Seal, the sweet white hancberry, trillium, violet plants, the pale anemone, the tall Jack-in-the-Pulpit and green maiden's hair fern. The courage of these wild flowers, growing in strange places, gave the little girl courage. She opened the gate, went up the well kept path to the door of the schoolroom, which was open, and entered.

It was different from a schoolroom of today. The old



diaries of the girls who went to Miss Pierce's school tell us about it. It measured about thirty feet by seventy feet, with a small clothespress at each end. One of these clothespresses held the girls' bonnets and shawls and capes.

The piano, made for Miss Pierce by Mr. George Astor, a brother of Mr. John Jacob Astor, was kept in the second clothespress. This was possible, because it was an odd kind of piano, built in two sections so that the upper part could be lifted from the four slender legs and these sections carried about easily. It could be brought out when the girls had their singing school or one of Miss Pierce's plays in history was given, or there was a party in the schoolroom. And there were so few pianos in Litchfield that Miss Pierce's instrument was often loaned to the neighbors.

The plainest pine-wood desks and benches made of pine planks furnished the schoolroom, with the exception of a small table and an elevated chair for the teacher at one end. Beyond the schoolroom, Harriet could see Miss Pierce herself; small, cheerful, like a friendly New England wren if one could compare her to anything livelier than herself. She was seated in her rocking chair for a short moment alone, before dinner.

The little girl bravely went into this sitting room, which was also a bedroom. It was a low-studded room, its floor covered with a neat red-and-green carpet and the fireplace filled with evergreen boughs behind its brightly polished andirons. There were small hanging book-

shelves, an old-fashioned mahogany bureau, a cherry tea table, a gilt-framed mirror, and a bed turned up against the wall and covered with chintz.

Piles of the maps the students had colored, their neatly written sheets of composition work, done on foolscap in fine copper-plate writing, and their geography and arithmetic papers, were waiting for Miss Pierce's attention. But there, on top of all, lay Catherine Beecher's gingerbread man and the poem about him which she had written for Louisa.

Miss Pierce looked kindly over her eyeglasses at the little girl, standing speechless at first, looking at the gingerbread figure. One could see that Miss Pierce wanted to smile. Harriet took courage at that.

"I came to say that I am sorry," she said. "I didn't want Louisa to be punished for something that wasn't her fault. It was only a joke!"

The teacher rose and going forward put a kind hand on Harriet's shoulder. "Why did you come to me about Louisa?" she asked. "We cannot allow frivolity during a study hour such as he," she touched the innocent little gingerbread man lying before her "caused; but



*Harriet Beecher Stowe*

perhaps Louisa was not to blame. Did you write the verses, Harriet? We wondered if you did."

Harriet hesitated. She couldn't have her kind sister, Catherine, blamed. Neither could she tell a lie. But Miss Pierce, who was a very wise teacher indeed, understood her hesitation. "I believe that you are trying to shield someone else, Harriet Beecher," she said. "Well, never mind about it. Louisa will explain it all to me, and your kindness to her shall take away any penalty I might have imposed upon her because of her frivolity. Run home to your dinner, child, and pay my respects to your father."

Who was she, this kind, small girl, who looked with longing at the pretty frocks and had envied the good times of the boarding-school girls of this pioneer school, and who was willing to sacrifice herself to save one of them unhappiness? Ah, you have guessed! This was Harriet Beecher who was later Harriet Beecher Stowe, the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

She was the little girl of the large, happy, making-the-best-of-things Beecher family, of old Litchfield in Connecticut, and when she was only ten years old she was put in the Litchfield Academy where she won a prize at the end of the term for the learned composition she wrote on the subject, "Can the Immortality of the Soul be Proved by the Light of Nature?"

But she had a very girlish desire for the life of a girls' school such as the famous one kept by Miss Pierce, and the school register shows that Harriet had her wish

realized when she was sixteen years old. We may see her enjoying the school sleigh rides, the husking bees, the trips for sugaring off to the nearby maple groves, the walks for studying wild flowers to Prospect Hill and to Echo Lake.

In school, we may watch her embroidering a sampler or a piece of tapestry; illuminating letters of Bible texts; making records in geography and spelling and arithmetic; receiving, in her soft white muslin gown and ribbons, the twilled silk diploma which was given to each of Miss Pierce's girls, fifteen hundred, all told, when they graduated from the school.

But, more plainly, we see Harriet Beecher Stowe a little girl who had an unusually kind heart and was not willing that anyone should suffer if she were able to bear the trouble on her own strong shoulders.

## In A Boy's Town

I do not mean to tell what this town in Southern Ohio in 1850 was, as men knew it, but only as it appeared to the boys. The civic center was the court-house, with the county building about it in the court-house yard; and the great thing in the court-house was the town clock.

It was more important in the boys' esteem than even the wooden woman, who had a sword in one hand and a pair of scales in the other. Her eyes were blinded; and the boys believed that she would be as high as a house if she stood on the ground. She was above the clock, which was so far up in the air, against the summer sky which was always blue, that it made your neck ache to look up at it.

The bell was so large that once, when my boy was a very little fellow and was in the belfry with his brother to see if they could get some of the pigeons that nested there, and the clock began to strike, it almost smote him dead with the terror of its sound. He felt his heart quiver with the vibration of the air between the strokes. It seemed to him that he should never live to get down; and he never knew how he did get down.

Besides his grandfather's drug-and-book store, there was another drug store, and there were eight or ten dry-goods stores, where every spring the boys were taken to be fitted with new straw hats.

But the store that they knew best was a toy-store near the market-house, kept by a quaint old German, where they bought their marbles and tops and Jew's-harps. The store had a high, sharp gable to the street, and showed its timbers through the roughcast of its wall, which was sprinkled with broken glass that glistened in the sun.

After a while the building disappeared like a scene shifted at the theater, and it was probably torn down. Then the boys found another toy store, but they considered the dealer mean; he asked very high prices, and he said, when a boy hung back from buying a thing, that it was "a very superior article." The boys had that for a by-word, and they holloed it at the storekeeper's boy when they wanted to plague him.

There were two bakeries. At the American bakery there were small sponge-cakes, which were the nicest cakes in the world, for a cent apiece; at the Dutch bakery there were pretzels, with salt and ashes sticking on them, that the Dutch boys liked. The American boys made fun of the pretzels, and the bread at the Dutch bakery was always sour.

There were two fire-engines in the Boy's Town; but there seemed to be something always the matter with them, so that they would not work, if there was a fire. When there was no fire, the companies sometimes pulled them up through the town to the Basin bank and practised with them against the roofs and fronts of the pork-houses. It was almost as good as a muster to see the



firemen in their red shirts and black trousers, dragging the engine at a run, two and two together, one on each side of the rope.

My boy would have liked to speak to a fireman, but he never dared, and the foreman of the Neptune, which was the larger and feebler of the engines, was a figure of such worshipful splendor in the boy's eyes that he felt that the foreman could not be just a common human being.

He was a store-keeper, to begin with, and he was tall and slim, and his black trousers fitted him like a glove; he had a patent-leather helmet, and a brass speaking-trumpet, and he gave his orders through this. It did not make any difference how close he was to his men, he shouted everything through the trumpet; and when they manned the brakes and began to pump, he roared at them, "Down on her, down on her, boys!" so that you would have thought the Neptune could put out the world if it was burning up. Instead of that, there was usually a feeble splutter from the nozzle; and sometimes none at all, even if the hose did not break. It was fun to see the hose break.

The Neptune was a favorite with the boys, though they believed that the Tremont could squirt farther, and they had a belief in its quiet efficiency which was fostered by its reticence in public.

The Tremont was small and black, but the Neptune was large, and painted of a gray color lit up with gilding that sent the blood leaping through a boy's veins.

The boys knew the Neptune was out of order, but they



*The store they knew best was a toy-store kept by a quaint old German where they bought their marbles and tops and Jews-harps*

were always expecting it would come right, and in the meantime they felt that it was an honor to the town, and they followed it as proudly back to the engine-house after one of its magnificent failures as if it had been a magnificent success. The boys were always making magnificent failures themselves, and they could feel for the Neptune.

Before the Hydraulic was opened, the pork-houses were the chief public attraction to the boys, and they haunted them, with a thrilling interest in the mysteries of pork packing from which none of their sensibilities revolted.

Afterwards, the cotton-mills, which were rather small brick factories, though they looked so large to the boys, eclipsed the pork-house in their regard. They were all wild to work in the mills at first, and they thought it a hardship that their fathers would not let them leave school and do it.

Some few of the fellows that my boy knew did get to work in the mills; and, when one of them got part of his finger taken off in the machinery, it was thought a distinction among the boys, something like having been in war.

My boy's brother was so crazy to try mill-life that he was allowed to do so for a few weeks; but a few weeks were enough of it, and pretty soon the feeling about the mills all quieted down, and the boys contented themselves with their flumes and their wheel-pits, and the head gates that let the water in on the wheels. Sometimes you could find fish under the wheels when the mills were not running.

The mill-doors all had "No Admittance" painted on them; and the mere sight of the forbidding words would have been enough to keep my boy away, for he had a great awe of any sort of authority.

Besides the bridge, the schoolhouse, the court-house and jail, the pork-houses and the mills, there was only one other public edifice in their town that concerned the boys, or that they could use in accomplishing the objects of their life.

This was the hall that was built while my boy could remember its rise, for public amusements.

It was in this hall that he first saw a play, and then saw so many plays, for he went to the theater every night. But, for a long time, it seemed to be devoted to the purposes of mesmerism. A professor highly skilled in that science, which has reappeared in these days under the name of hypnotism, made a sojourn of some weeks in the town. Besides teaching it to classes of learners who wished to practise it, he gave nightly displays of its wonders.

He mesmerized numbers of the boys, and made them do or think whatever he said. He would give a boy a cane, and then tell him it was a snake, and the boy would throw it away like lightning. He would get a lot of boys, and mount them on chairs, and then tell them that they were at a horse-race, and the boys would gallop astride of their chairs round and round till he stopped them.

Sometimes he would scare them almost to death with a thunder-storm that he said was coming on; at other

times he would make them go in swimming on the dusty floor, and they would swim all over it in their best clothes, and would think they were in the river.

There were some people who did not believe in the professor, or the boys either.

There were very few places of amusement or entertainment in the Boy's Town that were within a boy's reach; only one where he could get ice-cream, and the boys were mostly too poor and too shy to visit this resort.

But there used to be a pleasure-garden on the outskirts of the town, which my boy remembered visiting when he was a very little fellow with his brother. There were two large old mulberry trees in this garden, and one bore white mulberries and the other black mulberries. When you had paid your money to come in, you could eat all the mulberries you wanted, for nothing. There was a tame crow that my boy understood could talk if it liked, but it only ran after him and tried to bite his legs.

Besides this attraction, there was a labyrinth, or puzzle as the boys called it, of paths that wound in and out among bushes; so that when you got inside you were lucky if you could find your way out. My boy, though he had hold of his brother's hand, did not expect to get out; he expected to perish in that labyrinth, and he had some notion that his end would be hastened by the tame crow. His first visit to the pleasure-garden was his last; and it passed so wholly out of his consciousness that he never knew what became of it any more than if it had been taken up into the clouds.

He tasted ice-cream there for the first time and had his doubts about it, though a glass full of it cost a fip, and it ought to have been good for such a sum as that. Later in life, he sometimes went to the place where it was sold in the town, bashfully gasped out a demand for a glass, and ate it in some sort of chilly back-parlor.

But the boys in that town, if they cared for such luxuries, did not miss them much, and their lives were full of such vivid interests arising from the woods and waters all about them that they did not need public amusements other than those which chance and custom afforded them.

They got pleasure out of the daily arrival of the packet in the Canal Basin; and it would be very unjust if I failed to celebrate the omnibus which was put on in place of the old-fashioned stagecoaches between the Boy's Town and Cincinnati. I dare say it was of the size of the ordinary city omnibus, but it looked as large to the boys then as a Pullman car would look to a boy now. They assembled for its arrivals and departures with a thrill of civic pride such as hardly any other fact of the place could impart.

My boy remembered coming from Cincinnati in the stage when he was so young that it must have been when he first came to the Boy's Town. The distance was twenty miles, and the stage made it in four hours. It was this furious speed which gave the child his earliest illusion of trees and fences racing by while the stage seemed to stand still.

Several times after that he made the journey with his



father, seeming to have been gone a long age before he got back, and always so homesick that he never had any appetite at the tavern where the stage stopped for dinner midway. When it started back, he thought it would never get off the city pavement and out from between its lines of houses into the free country. The boys always called Cincinnati "The City." They supposed it was the only city in the world.

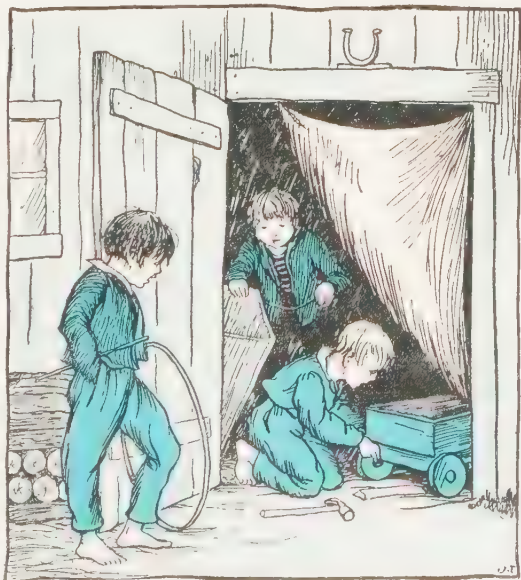
Of course there was a whole state of things in the Boy's Town that the boys never knew of, or only knew by mistaken rumors and distorted glimpses. They had little idea of its politics, or commerce, or religion, that was not wrong, and they concerned themselves with persons and places only to make use of them.

But as they could make very little use of grown persons or public places, they kept away from them, and the Boy's Town was, for the most part, an affair of water-courses, and fields and woods, and the streets before the houses, and the alleys behind them.

Nearly all the houses had vegetable gardens, and some of them had flower gardens that appeared princelier pleasures to my boy than he has ever seen since in Europe or America. Very likely they were not so vast or so splendid as they looked to him then; but one of them, at least, had beds of tulips and nasturtiums, and borders of flags and pinks, with clumps of tiger-lilies and hollyhocks; and in the grassy yard beside it there were high bushes full of snowballs, and rosetrees with moss-roses on them.

In this superb domain there were two summer-houses and a shed where bee-hives stood. At the end of the garden was a bath-house, and you could have a shower bath, if you were of a mind to bring the water for it from the pump in the barn yard. This was all on a scale of unequalled magnificence, but many of the houses, which were mostly of wood, just had a good big yard with plum-trees and cherry-trees in it, and a vegetable garden at one side that the boy hated to weed.

My boy's grandfather had a large and beautiful garden, with long arbors of grapes in it, that the old gentleman trimmed and cared for himself. They were delicious grapes; and there were black currants, which the grandfather liked, because he had liked them when he was a boy himself in the old country, but which no Boy's Town boy could have been induced to take.



*Every house had a wood-shed*

Another boy had a father who had a greenhouse. He was a boy that would let you pull pie-plant in the garden, and would bring out sugar to let you eat it with in the greenhouse. His cleverness was rewarded when his father was elected governor of the state; and what made it so splendid was that his father was a Whig.

Every house, whether it had a flower-garden or not, had a wood-shed, which was the place where a boy mostly received his friends, and made his kites and wagons, and laid his plots and plans for all the failures of his life.

The other boys waited in the woodshed when he went in to ask his mother whether he might do this or that, or go somewhere. A boy always wanted to have a stove in the woodshed and fit it up for himself, but his mother would not let him, because he would have been certain to set the house on fire.

Each fellow knew the inside of his own house tolerably well, but seldom the inside of another fellow's house, and he knew the backyard better than the front yard. If he entered the house of a friend at all, it was to wait for him by the kitchen-door, or to get up to the garret with him by the kitchen-stairs.

If he sometimes, and by some rare mischance, found himself in the living-rooms, or parlor, he was very unhappy and anxious to get out. Yet those interiors were not of an oppressive grandeur, and one was much like another.

The parlor had what was called a flowered-carpet or gay pattern of ingrain on its floor. The other rooms had

rag-carpets, woven by some woman who had a loom for the work, and dyed at home with such native tints as butternut, and foreign colors as logwood.

The rooms were all heated with fireplaces, where wood was burned and coal was never seen. They were lit at night with tallow-candles, which were mostly made by the housewife herself, or by lard-oil glass lamps. In the winter the oil got so stiff with the cold that it had to be thawed out at the fire before the lamp would burn.

There was no such thing as a hot-air furnace known; and the fire on the hearth was kept from day to day all winter long, by covering a log at night with ashes; in the morning it would be a bed of coals. There were no fires in bedrooms, or at least not in the boy's bedroom, and sometimes he had to break the ice in his pitcher before he could wash; it did not take him very long to dress.

I have said that they burned wood for heating in the Boy's Town; but my boy could remember one winter when they burned ears of corn in the printing office stove because it was cheaper. I believe they still sometimes burn corn in the West, when they are too far from a market to sell it at a paying price; but it always seems a sin and a shame that, in a state pretending to be civilized, food should ever be destroyed when so many are hungry. When one hears of such things one would almost think that boys could make a better state than this of the men.

## The Boy Who Looked South

The boy lived on a small farm in Alabama. It mattered not at all that his home was a rather rough cabin, its wall chinks filled in with clay, and its one door open the greater part of the year to the sun and the song of the mocking birds.

Our South at this time, when it was known as King Cotton's land, was an outdoor place. A bit of land in the North was a field of stones and stubble, a patch of earth from which a living had to be wrested as the farmer fought rocks and stumps, weeds and pests.

But the same bit of ground in the southern states was black, rich loam, waiting for the seeds of the cotton plant and, with little tending, yielding sweet potatoes, green beans, peaches and berries. Three crops a year, of good vegetables, the boy's father could raise with very little effort.

So this boy, whose first name is lost to history, but whose last name was Murphy, had a good deal of time for play; for roaming the woods where great oak and long-leaf pine trees, hung with streamers of yellow jasmine and sprays of mistletoe, made a green, mysterious roof over his head.

Every day of the year could be Christmas for him, because tall holly trees bore crimson berries all the time. He could fish and row in a flatboat along some sunny

creek, hunt 'possum with his father's old flint-lock musket and come home to a toothsome meal of hot cornbread, crisp from the coals of the hearth, bacon from their own fat hogs, and yams as sweet as sugar.

But once in a while this Murphy boy, in butternut jeans of his mother's spinning and weaving and dyeing, had a trip in the family wagon with his father to Birmingham, the nearest town. The wagon was a shaky affair, drawn by mules and hardly able to hold its small store for trading; a little fresh beef, a bale or two of cotton, some chickens and eggs for exchanging at the plantation town for a New England bonnet for the boy's little sister, some New England shoes, a little coffee and a jug of molasses.

The roads from the boy's farm to Birmingham were about as precarious as was the wagon, made of logs at the best, and often only bridle paths through the woods and skirting the swamps. As they drove along a pretty girl on the white-pillared porch of some stately plantation mansion would smile at the picture he and the mules made. "Piney-woods folk!" she would say to herself, running to the kitchen cabin back of the mansion to ask the cook to stop the warfarers for food and rest.

"Hill-billy!" a town boy would call good-naturedly after the Murphy boy, but he was just as apt to share his supper with this boy from the hills. All the way this small farmer and his son found hospitality, and all the way they spoke with pride of the kingdom of cotton through which they were driving.

"A plenty of railroads now!" the father boasted to



the boy. "There's the Charleston and Augusta, one from Augusta to Atlanta and another from New Orleans to Memphis."

"What's the traffic like?" the boy asked, for his father had been to Atlanta once to visit their relatives, and the boy had not.

"Your uncle was telling me," his father said, "that there's close to four hundred square miles of cotton being grown in the South now, counting in the fields from South Carolina to Texas. You ought to see the handling of the produce in a big town like Atlanta; wheat and corn, droves of hogs and cattle and mules, and tools and machinery from the North, being exchanged for cotton and sugar and coffee. The North has to make our bags, but we grow the cotton for filling them." He flicked the mules with his whip, in pride, as he spoke.

"The Gate City, they call Atlanta," he went on. "If anything were to happen to it, the produce train system and the steamer trade would be all broken up. I'd like you to see a cotton wharf, sonny, piled so high you can scarcely see the water beyond the cotton bales, and above them the masts of the ships and the funnels of the river steamers! The South is a great place now!"

"And the North?" the boy wondered.

"Well, as to that," his father said reflectively, "I can't rightly say from this distance. It's got mills and men, but it's a long way off, and different. Yes, that's the way I feel about the North; it's different."

It was on the tip of the boy's tongue to ask how the

North was different from the South, but they were nearing one of the great plantations on their route and the interest of it made him forget everything else.

The mules had turned into the brush at the side of the road to let the plantation coach pass. It was like the coach from a fairy-tale, if the boy had ever seen a picture book, which he hadn't. Large and cumbersome and swung on great suspension springs, it was decorated with brightly painted designs of flowers.

It was trimmed with brass, so well polished that the hinges and knobs of the door glistened in the sun like yellow gold. The coat-of-arms of the plantation family was painted on the door, and a glimpse through the silk-curtained window showed the ruffled muslin, the silk cape and the flower-wreathed hat of a girl in her first teens, as the boy also was.

The coach rolled between the holly hedge and the great cypress trees of the plantation driveway until it reached the wide portico of the white house. The farm team followed, for, the boy's father said, the family might want to buy some of his eggs. There were marble statues on the lawn, a fountain tinkled, and the perfume of the Cherokee rose was heavily sweet.

The plantation, set in the midst of its cotton acres, was a good-sized community with a settlement of cabins for the workers; a school; a chapel for them; huge barns, storehouses, and workshops, a granary, a smoke-house for curing bacon and ham.

Dogs barked, and the workers were singing in the cabin

quarter in tune to their tinkling banjos, for the day was turning into the evening. There was a pleasant smell of baking bread and roasting-ears and yams.

As it reached the portico of the many-roomed mansion, the light metal steps of the coach were lowered to allow the girl and her mother to alight. She waved her arm in its black lace mitt in a friendly way to the boy in his butternut jeans, motioning him to the cook-house where he and his father could find hospitality.

They would have a good, hearty supper, a night under the stars as they pitched their tent in the shadow of the wagon, and after breakfast they ought to reach Birmingham in a couple of hours.

It had been a fine trip, the boy told his sister when, their trading successfully accomplished, they returned home. He had seen a good deal of the country and everyone had welcomed them, even if they were only "piney-woodsters."

He had watched the cotton business as it was carried on at Birmingham, and he had come home with only one regret. The boy thought that he would like to have been able to go on to Atlanta and see the railroads center, as they did there. He wished, oh, how the boy wished, that he might sometime during his life have the great adventure of riding on a railroad train!

This opportunity came to the boy late that summer, the summer of the year 1864. The North and the South were fighting; brother and fellow countryman was fighting brother and fellow countryman. Colonel Joseph Wheel-



*She waved her arm in its black lace mitt*

er, of the army of the Confederacy, whom all the Alabama "Hill-billys," like the boy, knew and loved, needed a color bearer for his regiment. The boy took the flag on its standard, the colors of the 19th Alabama infantry, and started for Atlanta, the Gate City of our South.

He was not in uniform, for cloth was scarce, as rations were scarcer at this period of our National struggle. The old papers that tell us about this boy, whose name was Murphy, say that he went to the battle of Atlanta in his homespun suit. But all the way he bore the same cour-

age and love for the South in his heart as his brother who came to the conflict from the North felt for the North.

There were many boys with the army of the Confederacy and with the army of the North; drummer boys, water boys, color bearers, stretcher bearers, telegram boys. Each loved his native earth, whether it was the black loam of a cotton field or the stone and stubble of a New England pasture.

He was not able to go very far in the railroad train that would have looked odd to you to-day; its seats broken and without backs; its one small engine puffing with the effort of dragging it in jolts over the rough roadbed.

The boys and girls of to-day, who have become so accustomed to the smooth, swift motion of present-day passenger trains, with their comfortable cushioned seats and modern conveniences, would have found the boy's trip a great hardship. To him it was but a thrilling part of a great and long-desired adventure.

When he reached the outskirts of the Gate City the rails were bent and twisted by the fires of burning wood spread and lighted on them. Many bridges were gone, too, and the wagons had difficult work making their way through the swamps, often up to the hubs in mud. The boy had never seen anything in all his life like the strange wilderness of waterway and swamp through which, half drowning, half starved, he carried his flag.

What a startling contrast to the cotton fields, the

sunny hillsides, and the pleasant pine and oak-filled woods of his own beloved "piney-woods" country, with here and there a lazy creek wending a quiet way through shady banks!

Great avenues of trees stood in the shallow water among the curious wild plants and water lilies with stems like ropes and their leaves as broad as palm leaf fans. In the open spaces lotus plants, with umbrella-like leaves, floated about.

It was lonely for a boy, traveling toward something he had never experienced, but this color bearer thought continually of his father's description of Atlanta. It would surely be like that, he hoped—railroads and traffic and excitement.

And like many another of the weary, half-fed boy soldiers, the enticing visions that filled his mind of the wonders of the city toward which they were slowly traveling did much to help him to forget the privations of the long march; made him bear more sturdily the heavy flagstaff from which floated the regimental colors.

Farther along, there were oak woods for carrying his lag through. Wild azaleas grew here and magnolia trees and a jungle of shrubs and vines with the red berries of the holly for color, but the boy's shoes had worn out by this time, and he felt the flagstaff very heavy on his right arm.

"Atlanta tomorrow!" came the cry to him in the fall of that year. It had taken the 19th Infantry of his state a long time to march to the point where it was needed



and the color bearer was ragged and weak from lack of food when he heard the cry and was spurred on to finish the march. But he was disappointed in his first view of the city of his dreams.

The Infantry crossed a stream by ferry, because the bridge was burned. Then they joined a long line of vehicles ahead; so crowded a line that the boy had plenty of time to look about. Thousands of tents were set around a bare field strewn with carcasses of animals and half burned household things. Many poor people were seeking on the ground for anything they could find to eat; bare grains even, which had been left in the wake of the armies.

When they could find space to move, the boy and his fellow soldiers went on, but he did not know that he had reached Atlanta when they came to it.

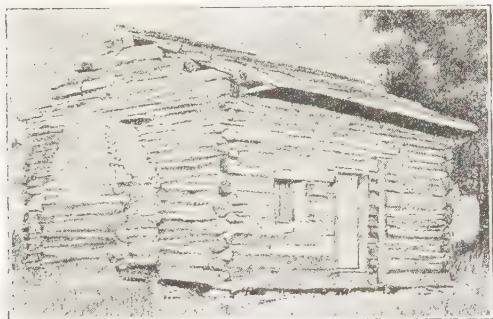
He struggled to a rise of ground overlooking the city and, forming there for marching down into action, they saw a column of black smoke rising toward the sky they could hardly make out for the blackness. Then another smoke column rose, and still another, until the city seemed shut away from him by these black pillars which all at once burst into crimson flames.

The pillars of smoke became towers. The tongues of flame ran together into sheets of fire rising as far as the clouds. Southern pine burned quickly and with an intolerable heat. The boy strained his eyes to see the Gate City, but he was almost blind from the smoke. When the order came to carry the colors toward this burning pit,

the boy stumbled and was scarcely able to hold the staff of his flag aloft.

But, as the 19th Infantry of Alabama advanced, this Murphy boy, this piney-woods lad, who loved the South just as much as a Northern drummer boy loved the North, kept his eyes looking south. The cotton kingdom's woods and wharfs and sea were in that direction, he knew. When a charge of powder shattered this boy's right hand, in which he held erect the colors, he did not turn his eyes from the direction of the sun. It is written in an old paper that he shifted his flagstaff to the other hand, but he still looked unflinchingly south.

## The Boy Who Knew Lincoln



*Birthplace of Lincoln*

There are two kinds of stories that boys and girls like to read. One is a “trick” story—the story that isn’t true but which you enjoy, because it makes you wait

for what will happen next and keeps you wondering how it is coming out in the end.

Then there is another kind of story that you read, not because it makes you wait, but because it makes you think. It is the true story, like this, which really happened. There aren’t many good, true stories, particularly like this one about a telegraph boy.

The telegraph was new, still wonderful, and our country was in trouble, the time of this story being that of Abraham Lincoln’s presidency, so it was important that the wires should work well so as always to transfer their messages accurately and without delay.

David Bates, not much more than a boy, had learned the telegraph system and was working in a railroad sta-

tion as telegraph operator, when he heard the fifes and drums of the war call.

His Sunday School teacher talked to the boys about patriotism that Sunday in April of 1861, and when there was a call for youths who understood the Morse code, at Washington, David started. His chief, Mr. Andy Carnegie, had recommended him for a position. Mr. Carnegie was a very young man, but he, too, was working for the railroad and wanted so much to help Mr. Lincoln.

So David and three other telegraph operators started for Washington, and it was such a long trip and so memorable a one for them that they stopped on their way from Pennsylvania to have their pictures taken in Harrisburg. They wore long-tailed coats and very high-neck stocks, and David thought that perhaps he could send this ambrotype, as it was called, to the president sometime; he hardly dared hope that he ever would have the honor of meeting him.

Excitement began when the boys reached Maryland. The railroad bridges over the Bush and Gunpowder rivers had been blown up by the Army of the Confederacy, so that the telegraph boys had to waste time going by water to Annapolis. There was a good deal to do there. The boys met Mr. Andy Carnegie and they helped repair the railroad and replace some telegraph wires that had been cut.

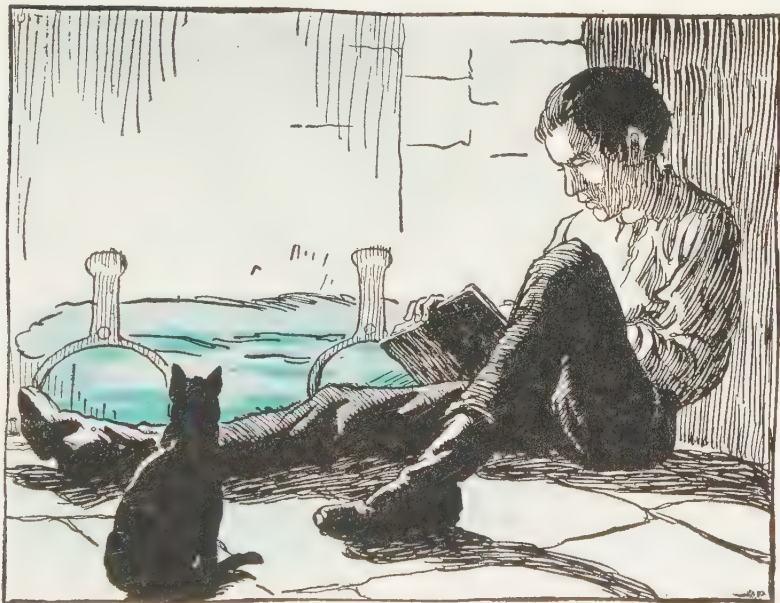
Mr. Carnegie could do almost anything with steel. On the way to Washington he rode on the locomotive and, as they had almost reached the city, he saw that more of

the telegraph wires were down. At one place they had been pinned to the ground between two poles by a band of raiders.

Stopping the train, they all jumped off, Andy Carnegie first of course, and as he pulled the stake toward him with a mighty wrench to release the wires, the wires struck him in the face, knocking him down and cutting him. His face bled so that the company arrived looking like a hospital train at Washington, but no one cared. Here was the War Department, and David took off his coat and began the day-and-night telegraph work that helped to preserve the Union quite as much as did the fighting.

Dark days those were! David had thought that his work was going to be all adventure, but it wasn't. He had to send and receive messages until he was ready to drop at the signal board with weariness. A sergeant of the guard was stationed as sentry in front of the door leading to the telegraph room and no one, without a pass, was allowed to enter or leave.

For his first four days, David was a prisoner there, his frugal meals being brought to him. He wanted to see the White House, to see the troops being mobilized at Washington, to see Abraham Lincoln. One day this telegraph boy, David Bates, locked the door of the telegraph room and climbed out of the window. He came back by the same way that night, having looked about a bit, and was hardly seated at his board when he heard a knock at the door.

*Boyhood of Lincoln*

David opened it, and a tall, awkward, homely man crossed the threshold and came in. The nights were still chilly and this man wore a gray plaid shawl thrown carelessly over his shoulders. His face was lined with care, but he smiled with a rare kindness on David as he hung the shawl and his tall hat on a hook on the wall and stretched his great length out in a chair.

David gasped. He had heard of Old Abe, the rail splitter, uncouth and awkward, and this man seemed as homely as the description, but the man also had the bearing of the Great and the kindness of a father as he spoke to David:



"The sentinel at the door had his orders to shoot any boy who deserted the telegraph office," he said, in his slow, measured voice. "But you wouldn't desert, would you, not if I was to stay here all night with you? We'll try and keep awake together."

It was Abraham Lincoln, and after that, for four wonderful years David saw him in that little telegraph room ever so often and they spent a great many lonely nights together listening to the soft tick, tick of the instrument that brought its message of gun powder and blood, of defeat and victory.

David forgot all about President Lincoln's homely figure, the awkward gait that brought his tall, stooping figure across the grounds to the War Department, in company with some famous general in gold epaulets, sash and sword. All David thought of was how he had grown to love Mr. Lincoln and little Tad Lincoln, who



*A sergeant of the guard was stationed as sentry*

used to upset the office by spilling ink and scattering papers, but with whom his father showed a never-failing patience.

Few telegraph operators, before or since, have had such hard work and such important matters to transcribe into dots and dashes as David, together with his



*A tall, homely man crossed the threshold and came in*



*Lincoln's first home in Illinois*

helpers. The telegraph was so new, and so easily put out of order that it was a matter of life and death, he knew, to stick to his post and do his best. And Mr. Lincoln spent much time there with him; helping, encouraging, always brave and hopeful.

Those were days of agony and danger for our country. President Lincoln's hands and heart were full to overflowing, but with the records of the struggle of the Union there remains for us Father Abraham's constant thought



*Lincoln's home in Springfield, Illinois*

of young folks and of little children. The Washington Independent gave an account of a reception held at the White House at this time:

"Many persons," the newspaper reported, "noticed three little girls, poorly dressed, the children of some mechanic or laborer, who had followed the visitors into the White House to gratify their curiosity. They passed around from room to room and were hastening through

the reception room, with some fear, when the President called to them 'Little girls, are you going to pass me without shaking hands?'

"Then he bent his tall, awkward form down—shook each little girl warmly by the hand. Everybody in the room was spellbound by the incident, so simple in itself."

The Blair boys at Silver Springs, a few miles north of Washington, knew President Lincoln. When he drove out to visit their grandfather, he was very apt to have a game of ball with the boys. There were eight or ten grandchildren on this farm of hundreds of acres, and it was good sport to play ball on the lawn. And President

Lincoln joined ardently in the sport. How he ran with the children, how difficult it was to keep up with his long strides, how they tried to hit him with the ball and how his long coat tails stuck out as he ran!

He was a kind man and particularly thoughtful of all boys. The telegraph operators there in the Washington



*Abraham Lincoln*

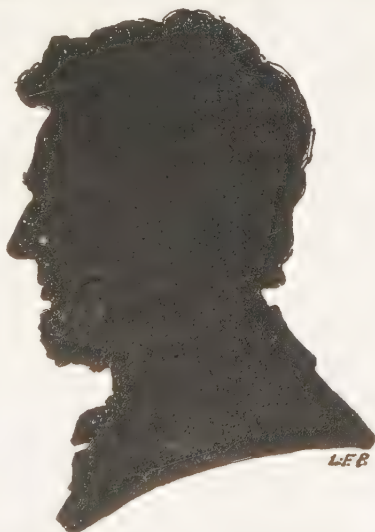
office knew him about as well as anyone, and they never forgot how he was always dropping in on them with messages for which they might just as easily have been



sent. And there was one dispatch that they never forgot.

The most important records of a period of history are to be found in its messages, and particularly in the files of a telegraph office.

One day President Lincoln came over in great haste and concern to the telegraph building, about a boy, Aunt Sally Banks' Johnny, who was going to be shot for desertion. Mr. Lincoln had found out how old, or rather how young, this soldier was. He sent this message trembling over the wires: "I don't want anybody as young as eighteen shot."



*Silhouette of Abraham Lincoln*

Sometimes our new telegraph system did not work very well. Sometimes wire-tappers cut the wires. A New England boy of McClellan's army was sentenced to death for sleeping at his sentry post and Mr. Lincoln wired to camp to have him pardoned, knowing himself how tired the boy must have been.

He received no reply, so he wired again. Again, there was no answer, so the telegraph operators watched Mr. Lincoln, wrapped in his long cloak and muffler, start in his carriage on the drive to Virginia, where the camp was, to save the boy. And he did save him.



David Bates knew Willie Lincoln. He was only eleven years old when David became a telegraph operator in Washington and he died the next year. He had a pony that was kept, fat and lazy, in the White House stables after Willie was gone and Mr. Lincoln and little Tad took the best of care of it.

"Since Willie's death," Mr. Lincoln said at that time, "I catch myself every day talking to him as if he were with me."

And the telegraph wires hummed with his love for all his family as David Bates sent and received messages.

There was this one to Mrs. Lincoln:

"Mrs. A. Lincoln, Manchester, Vermont:

"All well, including Tad's pony.

"Tell dear Tad poor Nanny goat is lost. The day you left, Nanny was found resting herself and chewing her little cud in the middle of Tad's bed, but now she is gone."

And David sent this message of safety to the mother of the little Lincoln when their father was in the midst of the hardest part of the war:

"I think you had better put Tad's pistol away. I had an ugly dream about him.

A. Lincoln."

This faithful telegraph boy, David Bates, remembered just how Mr. Lincoln looked, up to the end of the struggle.

"He would lean back in his chair in our office," he said, "with his feet on a nearby table and his tired face

looking out on the street that had seen so many brave soldiers march to the front never to return. Even we youngsters at the telegraph board could read the sorrow in his eyes. Then he would come back to us out of the clouds and cheer us with a story, or start toward the drawer where he kept the incoming dispatches filed."

At last there came a day when Lincoln was absent from Washington, being at the front. The wires hummed as the message came: "Turn down for Richmond. Do you get me well?" And the reply from David and his boys, "Yes. Go ahead." The reply came from Lincoln's headquarters at Richmond, "We took Richmond at 8:15 this morning!" So our Union was preserved.

There are a great many stories about our martyred president, but this telegraph boy and his fellow-workers knew mainly his great patience, his honesty, and his love of his country, without which no one can accomplish mighty deeds.

## The Youngest Cowboy

Our Union grew and, with its need for more room, new states were set apart and named. We went farther West through that vast, flat country of the United States which stretched for thousands of miles across the great river courses and as far as California.

It was a place of white alkali plains, with no towns, and beyond these lay long mountain ranges running from north to south where the foot-hills stopped. There were no white men. The smoke and cinders of the steam engine seemed very far away on the trail which opened and widened itself from our borders at Mexico in the year 1845 and took its winding way for more than two thousand miles along the Eastern edge of the Rocky Mountains.

Crossing Texas, curving over the Indians' Bad Lands, through the states of Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska, Wyoming and Montana, going East as far as Illinois and the growing town of Chicago, traces of this old path are still left. It was our longest trail of progress, for it was the cattle road. The hoofs of the steers and the ponies of the cowboys and herders marked a gallant highway as far as Canada from some Mexican ranch where the cattle started.

Like so many of the events which make our nation great, the cattle trail had its impulse in the forces of the

earth. The herds of Mexico were made up of lean, muscular, active, fierce animals, who produced needed food and hides and leather, but who never grew to the size of our stock of today because they grazed so poorly. A little grain, a little starved, dried grass, these were all the southern ranches could provide. But there was a



*Trains of covered wagons*  
(Copied from an old poster)

difference in the soil and what it produced as soon as the cows were driven across the Rio Grande.

Deep, green grass lands, fed by the mountain streams and cropped only by herds of buffalo, waited there beside the cattle trail. All a ranchman had to do, to turn his cow of the hot, low country from a creature of perhaps five hundred pounds to a sleek, fat one of a third more weight, was to drive her over the border and along the cattle trail. Buffalo grass, sun-cured short grass, the mesquite grass—all waited there lush and green. There was only one barrier to this migration of herds which started at the close of our Civil War. As the trail widened and deepened, it became red with human blood.

The Sioux and Creek Indians, driven ever farther and

farther West by the building of towns and the laying of railroad tracks, inhabited the West with a greater fierceness than would have been natural to them if they had not come to look upon the white man as a bitter enemy.

And the different cattle trains of covered wagons, droves of lean, swift ponies, the cowboys always armed with pistols, and their droves of hundreds and thousands of valuable cows, waged warfare among themselves. They were many miles away from civilization, and the loneliness of the plains and the mountain passes turned them into monarchs of the road.

To whichever drover was stronger belonged all the cattle he could collect along the trail, no matter who owned them. There was always the danger of a raiding party of the plains' Indians attacking the herd.

Sometimes a herd of wild buffalo would rush madly into a moving cattle train, entangling their horns in the wagons, killing the cows and calves and often their drivers.

Through drought and drifts, past Cold Springs where there was ice on the warmest summer day, climbing the Rocky Mountains, struggling through Salt Lake Valley, went the patient, big-eyed kine and their little ones, driven by the cowboy in his fringed leather and wide hat. If he killed to get a new herd, he also killed to protect his own cattle and was, in his turn, likely to leave his body beside the road.

And about this time, in the year 1846, there was born a very famous little cowboy.

His name was Willie Cody. Being one of a large and pioneer family of Kansas, he had but a short time for schooling in the log schoolhouse which stood a mile from the Cody cabin. When he was eleven years old, this boy made up his mind that he ought to begin doing something to earn his living, so he left school and looked for a job.

A company of drovers had formed in the little town that May, in the year 1857; Russell, Majors and Wadell. Their wagons and ponies were to take a herd of blooded stock as far as Salt Lake City, a long journey indeed, and it was a question if they would ever finish it.

But as Willie Cody saw the cowboys coiling their lariats, tying on their gayly colored neck handkerchiefs, and swinging into the saddles of their wild little mustangs in front of the town store, he knew that he had found his work. He was going to be a cowboy, just as any boy of to-day would have wanted to be.

Pirate, buccaneer, cowboy, soldier, hero—what do the names matter? Each stands for the adventure every boy needs in his life, and every nation needs for its growth.

But the cattle train was not so sure that it needed an eleven-year-old boy as much as the boy felt he was needed. Mr. Russell laughed at Willie, wearing his little coonskin cap although it was the spring of the year, his high, hide boots and his plaid homespun shirt.

But the boy jumped astride a bucking pony and showed how he could stick to its back without a saddle. He told the drovers that a boy was always useful for bringing wood for a camp fire and scrubbing the bacon pan with



sand after supper. Then, to further persuade the drovers, Willie showed them how well he could write, and how much in earnest he was.

This is what Willie Cody wrote at home that night on a scrap of paper by the light of his mother's kitchen candle:

"William Cody's Vow.

"I, William F. Cody, do hereby solemnly swear before the great and living God, that, during my engagement with and while I am in the employ of Russell, Majors and Wadell, I will not, under any circumstances, use profane language; that I will not quarrel or fight with any other employe of the firm; and that, in every respect, I will conduct myself honestly, be faithful to my duties, and shall direct all my acts so as to win the confidence of my employers. So help me God."

When the lad presented his credentials to the cattle men the next day, he was taken into their employ. He said good-bye to his mother, telling her he would come back after he had made his fortune. He started for the plains at the end of the line, his lariat rope swung over his shoulder and a pistol in his broad leather belt.

The country was pleasant at first, being at the spring. The willows were softly green and the Kansas grasslands bloomed with many small, bright wild flowers. Trout were running in the streams Willie Cody had to ford, and the thickets were alive with rustling grouse.

He rode bravely with the other cowboys, doing his share in rounding up the gaunt mothers of the herd and

the little calves that had begun to totter feebly beside them. Their trail went northwest through Kansas, crossing the Big Blue River, then the Big and the Little Shandy Rivers, and arriving after a while in Nebraska.

Here, after the spring had turned into a hot, breathless summer, and the fall was come upon them in an early frost and snowstorms, the way was hard for all. It was a particularly hard trail for a lad of eleven years.

A herd of five hundred buffalo stampeded the Russell cattle train, entangling themselves in the wagon chains and the wheel spokes, and killing a number of the cowboys as they took their crazed way off dragging some wagons.

Sometimes a ring of the great gray buffalo wolves would circle about a defenceless cow and her calf, playing and teasing them before killing the frightened pair. Coyotes sneaked down from the foothills and often Willie Cody, scouting for a spring, would come upon the long toe-marks of a prowling grizzly bear. He learned to shoot well that season; shoot to kill.

Sometimes the herd, frightened by buffalo or when urged to ford a deep stream, would stampede. This might happen at night, and Willie would be awakened from his rolled blanket in the last wagon by a mighty roaring like all the thunder of all the storms he had ever known rolled into one great crash of sound.

It would be the roar and flying hoof-beats of the cattle, as the frightened creatures crowded each other, suffocated the calves, gored their neighbors, and would have

disappeared in the murk of a slough if the drovers had not saddled and ridden like the wind after them. Willie rode, too, his tough little pony braving death each moment as he circled the mass of tangled hoofs and horns, swinging his lariat and shooting off his gun in the air to help with the round-up.

Or the herd might lose itself in a snowstorm when the snow drifted. This was a test of a cowboy's skill and courage, for he had to ride in the face of blinding sleet, the wind cutting his face with sword thrusts, not able to see his way among the shifting, solid ranks of the steers.

Willie Cody learned to bear such cold that season as he had never before known. He learned to follow the cattle when a moment's rest would have meant that he would go to sleep in the silent dreaming of the frost. But he rode with the herd whose stiff legs wavered, whose mouths were shut with the ice, and their eye balls glazed over; rode until he was able to gather in some lost cow and her calf.

So the train moved gallantly on, making history as it went, for where the long trail of the cattle took its way cities were to rise. Fertile meadows and orchards whose trees would be loaded with fruit, great ranches and grain lands, and the tall chimneys of factories, would appear where now there were only hoof prints.

Riding near the end of the train went this little lad, Willie Cody, often tired enough to give up his adventure and often wanting his mother, but never losing heart.

They were in the Bad Lands when the Russell outfit



*Riding near the end of the train*

saw, on the edge of the plain, a long line of flying color. It looked as if a flock of gaily plumaged birds had migrated from the Tropics and was winging toward them. But when the train with its reddish, slow-moving creatures, its torn and dusty wagon coverings, and its ragged crew of drovers, came closer to the horizon line, they saw what the color meant.

Sioux Indians riding toward them in their war paint

and feathers, outnumbering the white men ten to one!

There was no help for the train anywhere. There was not a human being for hundreds of miles except the approaching savages and the small company of the cowboys. Arrows stung the air and the six-shooters cracked it.

Willie Cody shot, too, riding ahead with his company, but they knew in a very short time that there was nothing to do but give up. It was possible that the Sioux warriors would be satisfied with the wagons and their contents; knives, cooking utensils, some bright handkerchiefs and the like. So the herd was driven toward a river and the men, leaving most of the horses with the wagons to the savages, walked behind the lowing cows and bleating calves.

Willie walked near the end of the line, for his legs were not long enough to allow him to keep up. One of the cowboys who remembered about it, said that the boy was as much as a hundred yards behind and closer to the band of marauding savages than the others. They had almost forgotten the little lad in their last effort to get the cattle into the water where there might be a chance of fording and saving them.

The path was deep with mud and the going so slow that, when they reached the bank of the river, it was almost dark. Once there, they had to build and float rafts and wade out into the water, trying to keep the cattle together. When the water was too deep for wading, they clung to the edges of the rafts.

The youngest cowboy caught up with them toward ten o'clock that night and plunged bravely out into the water.

It was soon above his depth, but he, too, clung to the raft, always looking back toward the shore. The drovers were too busy with the cattle to keep a very close watch on the river bank and they felt quite sure that the danger was over. They thought the Indians would depart after having plundered and burned the wagons. Willie Cody was not so sure of this.

The moon rose and by its light he was able to see farther. The black bank rose high above his head, and over its top Willie saw a flash of crimson. He had laid his gun for safety and dryness on the edge of the raft.

Still clinging with one hand to the raft, he fired now at that crimson target. He shot straight. The Sioux scout, whose head feather the boy had seen, would never attack a cattle train again, and the youngest cowboy had saved his outfit. That shot from the water surprised and frightened the band of Siouxs into flight.

One of the first newspaper reporters of our country, riding into Salt Lake City on his pony, interviewed Willie Cody when the small, poor train of so many losses reached that town. He was a good deal of a hero, having protected his company so well. He was also a real boy, and enjoyed being famous at thirteen.

And when the old days of trailing passed, and the West became settled and prosperous through the courage of the cowboys and the wagon drivers and the herders,



William Cody, Buffalo Bill, came East to tell the boys and girls about the adventure of it all.

He brought the West to us; Indians, rough-riders, cowboys, and the fleet horses from the plains. He showed children how to ride to victory, as the cowboys of our history rode, building the nation's prosperity as they followed the Long Trail with the herds.

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